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"WE have murder by the throat" in Ireland, said David Lloyd George on November 9. But murder has slipped from his grasp and is doing its deadly work again, as is always the way when you set violence to stop violence. Both sides are becoming bloodier and bloodier. From Cardinal Logue has come a most admirable pronouncement against the killing that is going on. He believes that "every man and woman in Ireland with a spark of Christian feeling deplores, detests, and condemns the deliberate cold-blooded murders of last Sunday morning [in Dublin]. No object could excuse, no motive justify them. The perpetrators of such crimes were not real patriots, but enemies of the country." The passive resistance of Terence MacSwiney is the sole policy for Ireland to pursue in this emergency. Any other will alienate from her the sympathy of the world in her aspirations for self-government. On the other hand, others beside Lloyd George have essayed to make a wilderness and call it a peace. No peace can be obtained thus, not even if half the men of Ireland are interned and the country laid waste. The fires in Liverpool, if really of Sinn Fein origin, show what may happen. At the mere threat of reprisals in England, the Ministers of the Crown have to be shut in by an eight-foot barricade. Yet they will not take the Christian and magnanimous step of withdrawing the troops as Viscount Grey and Asquith demand.

MEANWHILE, the British Government has seized Professor MacNeill and Arthur Griffith, the moderate leaders of Sinn Fein, as if it were its intention to fan the flames still further. Reprisal brings out reprisal, and the echoes reverberate throughout the world, particularly in America. Here, too, violence, stupid, wanton, foolish, inexcusable violence, rears its head. The attack upon the Union Club in New York because it exercised its unquestioned privilege of hanging out the flag of our Ally, rightly aroused American indignation deeply. But the fact is that Irish America has never been so stirred as today. People may declare that Ireland is none of our affair and ministers rise in their pulpits and affirm it, but, whether we will it or not, the Irish question is among us to stay, and stay it will until it is settled aright. With millions of Irishmen here it is impossible to ask that they shall deny the ties of blood and kinship. Their hands do stretch across the sea, and no killing can take place without rousing the fear among thousands that one of their blood may be the next victim. All the more reason that the American Commission on Ireland should make a study of the situation on the spot and see if there is no way in which America may help as the warm friend of both sides.

DISARMAMENT raised its innocent head at the sessions of the League Assembly, and threw a frightful scare into the worried old diplomats there assembled. The little nations liked its looks, and said so, even as they had said so away back in the ancient days of the Hague Conferences. But the statesmen who speak for England and France said Nay; and when the impertinent little nations (which ought by this time to have learned that on such occasions good little nations are seen, and written about in the newspapers, but not heard) repeated their Yea, England and France saw to it that disarmament was referred to a committee, which is to consider the matter carefully, in consultation, if possible, with representatives of the United States. This committee, the newspaper dispatches neglected to tell us, will report after the sessions of the League Assembly have been ended, when the little nations will all be safe in bed, and only the League Council, which is completely dominated by the wiser elder Powers, will still be up. Then disarmament will doubtless be given the quietus which any elder statesman knows it deserves. All of which tends to confirm the unhappy suspicion entertained in some quarters that the Assembly is very imposing as a world congress of forty-one nations, but that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Leygues are still doing the real business.

THINGS are not moving smoothly at Geneva. So far the record is something like this: the League is to send an international force to Vilna to supervise the plebiscite, and this force will be composed of British and French troops,

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and of a few Spaniards, Belgians, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians if the peoples of those countries will permit it, which is not yet certain. The League was roused and stirred by the plight of Armenia, and decided—to send a round robin telegram to the Powers asking if some one of them would not mediate between Mustapha Kemal and the Armenians. None has yet accepted, and the net result is virtual recognition for Kemal, but nothing for Armenia. The League will not consider amendments to the Covenant now, because France and England object, and unanimity is necessary. Apparently it will not, after all, admit any of the late enemy Powers, because some of their neighbors object. It will not take steps toward disarmament, because France and England object. It will not enlarge the powers of the proposed international court, because France and England object. Haiti has been induced not to present a protest against the shameless course of the United States. After a great battle, the permanent Mandate Commission is to have a majority of non-mandatory members, but the mandatory Powers are apparently to have double voting power, and the non-mandatory Powers are to be named by the Council of the League, which virtually means by the mandatory Powers. It is far from a promising opening.

GREEK withdrawal from parts of Aidin and Anatolia increases the confusion of Allied plans in the Near East. Will the Treaty of Sèvres be scrapped and Mustapha Kemal be recognized? Such a complete about-face is not impossible in the circumstances, especially as the alternative appears to be a definite alliance between the Turkish Nationalists and the Bolsheviki. An agreement is said to have been signed between those two Powers which may have enormous influence in determining events in the Near East. Its terms include an assurance of the territorial integrity of Turkey; Turkish control over Arabia and Syria; the liberation of Moslem countries under foreign control such as India, Algeria, Egypt, Morocco, and Tunisia; financial and military aid to Turkey. There is hardly a Government of Western Europe whose interests are not affected by such an arrangement, and it is probable that none of them underestimates the amount of damage that could be caused by a combined Bolshevik, pan-Islamic movement in the spheres of European influences in the Near East. It appears almost certain that the Turkish treaty will presently be rewritten.

THE war will be fought over and over and over again for years to come, and the acrimonies of history may be greater than the acrimonies of trench combat. Here are Clemenceau, represented by André Tardieu, and Marshal Foch, already at grips. There has been a legend in France that the civilian statesmen forced the generals to make peace before they were ready, and so robbed France of the fruits of overwhelming victory. But now Tardieu writes a long article declaring that it was Foch who insisted on an immediate armistice, and who composed the terms of the armistice. Foch says: True, I wrote the armistice terms, good ones, sufficient to enable me to impose any peace the politicians might write—but they wrote a poor peace, and would not listen to me when I tried to set them right; Clemenceau in particular would not listen. Foch, rather peevish, adds an anecdote to prove that Clemenceau even opposed the unification of the high command in 1918. This cut at the root of the most sacred of the Clemenceau legends, and Tardieu, as High Priest pro tempore while Clemenceau is tiger-hunting in India, replied politely that "Foch's memory deceived him." It sounds strangely like the 'tis and 'tain't of a nursery squabble.

OIL has no power to soothe the troubled waters of diplomacy. It adds only to their turbulence, and loses nothing of its own inflammability. With oil replacing coal as the great sea fuel, and seeping into industrial processes, control of the world's oil supply becomes the primary aim of old-fashioned economic imperialism; and it looks very much as if the mandate principle so proudly conceived as a substitute for annexation of the former German colonies were being used merely as a cloak to cover a grab for oil. Secretary Colby's note to the British Government protesting against the San Remo arrangements for permanent British control of the Mesopotamian oil regions is a dignified and proper protest against perversion of the principles of the peace. We have criticized him so often we are most happy to praise him heartily for it. The control of Mesopotamian petroleum, he says, is "the kind of economic question with reference to which the mandate principle was especially designed" and is "a peculiarly critical test of the good faith of the nations which have given their adherence" to it. "It is of the highest importance to apply to the petroleum industry the most enlightened principles recognized by nations as appropriate for the peaceful ordering of their economic relations." This is altogether admirable; but we cannot refrain from two regrets: that Mr. Colby's superior, Mr. Wilson, waited for a matter which concerned the great oil interests to approve such a protest, and that he does not any longer show the same zeal for "the most enlightened principles" when the question concerns Mexican oil and American imperialism.

THE efforts of the metropolitan press to discredit and misrepresent radicals of all opinions and shades of opinion have lately been concentrated in a united assault on Emma Goldman. Ever since her arrival in Russia she has been made sponsor for attacks on the Soviet Government and for sentimental reminiscences about the United States. In a recent wireless dispatch from Moscow, Miss Goldman denies the authenticity of these stories and seeks to set right the American public. No newspaper has printed her denial, which is certainly as important from the point of view of "news value" as the misstatements which preceded it. Her statement is dated October 24, and reads in part: "Just returned to Moscow after three months' absence in the Ukraine. Learned of alleged interview which Chicago *Tribune* correspondent published in American newspapers in June. Statements are absolute falsifications, full of lying insinuations. . . . I am with the Russian revolution, with the Russian people in their heroic struggle against the imperialist conspiracy to strangle the revolution. . . . I will continue to fight as before to the bitter end." Such complete misrepresentations as this statement seeks to correct cannot be excused as unavoidable mistakes. They are too clearly a part of a deliberate press policy, on the same base level as the scurrilous libel printed regarding Miss Goldman's relations with an American radical now dead.

TO the Department of Justice everything is new under the sun. Some months ago out of the suppressed, hunted, and intimidated remnants of the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party a new organization was formed—the United Communist Party. Its members had

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learned certain lessons. They had learned that Communists, because they were Communists, lost certain rights commonly held to be "inalienable." They could not voice their principles, nor form an organization, nor print newspapers. They could not even exercise the right of existence; merely to be a Communist was to be eligible for imprisonment or deportation. Observers with even a modest amount of political wisdom must have seen where such a policy would lead; *The Nation* stated time and again the manifest fact that when peaceable avenues of change are shut off, violent ways will be found and used. If a man is disfranchised, if his mouth is stopped, his organization smashed, his newspaper suppressed, he turns almost instinctively to secret organization, an underground press—and violence. This seems almost too obvious to mention; but the Department of Justice did not think of it. Now it has discovered, several months after its formation, the existence of this United Communist Party which meets secretly and distributes anonymous inflammatory circulars, its members using fictitious names. This appears a new and awful phenomenon to the Department of Justice, wholly unconnected with its continued policy of suppression and imprisonment, with its practice of incitement and misrepresentation. But if the United Communist Party grows to dangerous proportions and translates into action its belief in the necessity of force, we shall know where to place the blame.

FIRED, apparently, by the wails of Mr. Wallis, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, the American Federation of Labor demands, through its Legislative Committee, a two-year ban on all immigration. Millions of foreigners are battering at the doors of the United States, Mr. Wallis asserts; 5,000,000 of these are coming from Italy, 8,000,000 from Germany, and countless thousands from the newly established Central-European countries, to say nothing of the more respectable but no less numerous hordes who are about to emigrate from Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, and the Scandinavian countries. Nor is this all. If all these would-be Americans were law-abiding and desirable individuals, Mr. Wallis might reluctantly consent to their admittance, trusting to luck that they would not all decide to live in New York and ride in the subway. But thousands of them are anarchists, bolsheviks, dangerous characters. And they are not even honest enough to come sailing in under their true colors, or rather color. Instead they seek to enter this country as stowaways, or worse still, disguised as decent, God-fearing sailor-men. It would, of course, be idle to call Mr. Wallis's attention to the recent report of the transatlantic steamship lines which states that up to November 5 the number of persons arriving at North American shores during the present year (475,344) was only 165,005 more than the number of those who left to seek a living elsewhere. At this rate some time would be consumed in bringing even the 5,000,000 from Italy.

WE sincerely trust that the Knights of Columbus plan to donate the unexpended balance of its war moneys, some $5,000,000, to the American Legion for a costly home in Washington, D. C., will not be approved. With such human suffering and misery on all sides, it seems inexcusable to put so much money into another monumental structure in Washington, and one that is not needed. If it is asserted that the Knights are bound to use this money for soldier purposes then let them use it for the disabled, the maimed, the needy, and the dependent, who are certainly faring none too well at the Government's hands. We doubt whether any donor of this money would have objected had its income or its principal been used to aid devastated France, or Belgium, or the suffering anywhere in Allied countries. But the American Legion itself is still a questionable thing. It is by no means clear whether it will become a menace to the country or a source of pride and an organization of great usefulness. Again, it is a rapidly shrinking body; at its last convention in Cleveland the press reports gave it only about 800,000 paid-up members, as against the original 3,000,000. To beseech an organization which has up to this time proved prejudiced, opinionated, and reactionary, whose future is not even certain, to overcome its great reluctance to accept this great sum is surely folly. Far better use for it would be the starting of a new Red Cross, a White Cross or a Green Cross, to assume the neutral, international position Clara Barton planned for the now Government-prostituted Red Cross. We should have an organization ready to go into Ireland, or Russia, or any other place under the sun where human beings are suffering, without asking anything except whether human beings were suffering. That would be a worth-while monument to the American Catholic soldiers who fell in the war.

WHITNEY WARREN'S selection as the architect to restore the ancient University of Louvain will surely give general satisfaction wherever it is known. A genuine artist, he can be relied upon to do all in his power to make things as they were, to let no undue touch of the modern mar the beauty of the restoration. Then there is something rarely pleasing in the selection by the Belgian and French committees of an American to undertake a task which American money will largely complete—the restored library is even to hold volumes donated by Americans for which the sum of $500,000 is being raised. That is America in the role in which we love her best, binding up the wounds of others, healing, restoring, wiping out the traces of wanton, needless, inexcusable crime. No finer chapter of the war will survive than Mr. Hoover's ministration in Belgium prior to our entering into the hostilities. In a sense Mr. Warren's work ought to be a monument to that as well as a national offering of goodwill and friendship.

TO the lover of beauty all years are memoried and full of anniversaries. The one now drawing to a close is not rich, but in its very lack of wealth illustrates that none are poor. It marks the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gilbert White of Selborne and the one hundredth birthday of Jean Ingelow and Ebenezer Jones. Also, as with a patch of tawdry brilliance amid these sober names, that of Dion Boucicault. In the year 1820 ended the brief life of Joseph Rodman Drake and two centuries before, making this year its tercentenary, the longer life of that exquisite poet, in free verse and fixed, Thomas Campion. Had we a larger measure of piety we might also publicly celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of William Wordsworth. Our friends on the Continent set us an example. The one hundred and fiftieth birthday of Beethoven also falls in 1920 and many minor celebrations will culminate in a magnificent one that will be held in Zürich in December. The followers of Auguste Comte suggested a calendar of humanity. They made it a bit pedantic and formal. But such a calendar, if kept in the mind, is a source of happy meditation and fruitful memories.

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The Conscientious Objectors Set Free

NOW that H. G. Wells has given us newer and clearer outlines of history than we had before, we may even expect some day a complete and truthful account of American participation in the Great War. Here is a task for our generation of historians! Such a work would include volumes on "The Army in France" (not omitting a chapter on "Hard-Boiled" Smith); on "Graft and Waste in Washington," just now in the stage of original research; and above all on "The Destruction of Spiritual Values, or How Democracy Was Lost at Home." This volume will be long in preparation, for its story is not yet fully told. One chapter, however, has just been completed by Secretary Baker's announcement that all conscientious objectors have now been released.

Hisses and groans will meet the announcement. Their name will be legion. But in belatedly releasing the men who refused to kill for conscience' sake, Mr. Baker has been consistent. Well-intentioned throughout, unwilling to heed the baying of the journalistic wolf-pack or the clamor of the club-chair chauvinists, he meant well, but, like an illustrious predecessor, he meant well feebly. There have been many acid tests of American purpose in the war, but none more clearly such than our treatment of the handful of Americans who were not too proud but were too brave to fight, who unflinchingly faced and suffered hatred, ostracism, imprisonment, physical torture, and death for their faith. These four thousand, out of the four million called to arms, who resisted every form of pressure to make them fight, were possessed of a courage beyond the understanding of the mob. The coward would have backed down. The slacker would have done what indeed thousands of his brand, like the notorious Bergdolls, did—evaded registration or even more safely joined in the scramble for places in non-combatant services within the army itself. No, the true conscientious objectors to whom we refer, were not dodgers. They were above all things facers. And as time goes on and the already receding tide of hysteria and hate ebbs, there will come, along with the realization of the ghastly futility and madness of war, a clearer recognition of the pioneer courage and heroic martyrdom of these men. And while they suffered greatly, their sacrifice is not in vain.

To those familiar with war psychology, it is not surprising that the least belligerent, the least endangered, and the supposedly freest country involved should have traveled the furthest in the severity of its punishment of all forms of dissent. In other countries conscientious objectors were imprisoned, but their terms were short and obviously intended for restraint only during the period of hostilities. They were released soon after the armistice. But in free America not only was the imprisonment needlessly prolonged for over two years—longer than the terms given the few notorious enemy conspirators found guilty of plotting murder against our civilian population—but the incarceration was accompanied by unspeakable atrocities. A number died in prison, victims of beating and deliberate starvation. Others were tied up by the hands for days at a time, drenched in icy water, and compelled to remain in cells at freezing temperatures. A number of these died from pneumonia. Nor did the indignities cease with death. The wife of one religious objector, member of a sect professedly opposed to all forms of violence, coming to claim his body found it clad in the uniform which he had given his life to avoid donning. Instances of that kind were innumerable. The iron cage at Alcatraz, especially constructed for the torture of the conscientious objectors, an instrument recalling the medieval Iron Maiden, is the symbol of America's treatment of them and entitled as such to a place in our historical museum as a warning to coming generations. It is important that they should have this warning. The Civil Liberties Union which has done such splendid work in agitating for the mitigation of the suffering and the ultimate release of the objectors would be eminently fitted to assume this responsibility, and it is pleasing to record in this connection that a book on the subject by Mr. Norman Thomas is in preparation. It will belong in every public library, and in the event of other impending hostilities it should be chained to its shelf.

Other chapters in the history of our destruction of democracy at home are not yet complete. Other groups of men are still behind prison bars, victims of our ruthlessness. There are the soldiers, many of them boys, many of them volunteers, who, thrust from the unrestraint of American farm or city life into the rigid discipline of army and navy, were guilty of various infractions of discipline. Court-martialed for "disrespect" to a minor commissioned officer often totally unworthy to command, some are still serving the ferocious sentences imposed to convince the world that we were at war. Still others, equally unprepared for our sudden conversion to Prussianism, are similarly paying the penalty for some careless dissent from the orthodox view of the causes, purposes, or conduct of the war to make the world safe for democracy.

Another group are the I. W. W., about whom less truth is known by the American public than about the Solomon Islanders. Without a solitary act of violence proved against them, without a single change in the expression of their long-professed economic doctrines, these men still face the better part of a lifetime in jail. And there is Debs and a few others like him who would not be stampeded, who refused to hate, who obeyed the biblical injunction to "resist not evil," who like Martin Luther stood by their principles and "could do no other."

Well, the war has been over for two years and more. Who now dares assert that it was not the greatest failure in history? Who will deny that by it civilization is immeasurably set back? And who can assert that those who, before the shattering and revealing experiences of the last five years, saw clearly and so did move, were not at least as true patriots and humanitarians as the other millions and better prophets?

Christmas is at hand and the spirit of peace and goodwill is again supposed to radiate over the earth—at least over the Christian parts of the earth—so deeply devastated and now so sorely in need of healing. May we not hope that this spirit will express itself in a sweeping and complete amnesty to those in this country who are still in prison because they fought the good fight as they saw it, and kept the faith?

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Preachers and the League

ANYONE returning to the United States after a long absence might be much impressed by the enthusiasm of clergymen and social uplifters for the League of Nations. Surely, he would argue, there is a genuine moral issue involved when such men and women declare themselves so vigorously for a League of Peace. Whether on further consideration he would share the enthusiasm which at first so impressed him is open to doubt; he certainly would not if his attention were called to a circumstance that has had too little attention. It is this: The clergymen and other moral leaders who have diligently exhorted their fellow countrymen on the subject of the League of Nations as the way to righteousness and peace have been for the most part silent on the obvious and indisputable moral issues of our time. They have said nothing about our ruthless imperialism in Haiti, nothing about the administration's private wars in Russia, its aid to Poland, its part in the blockade of Russia which still is costing the lives of unnumbered thousands of men and women and little children. They have been dumb before the sacking of Irish towns, pogroms in Belfast, and the death of hunger strikers; yet these things imperil the peace of the whole world. They have seen civil liberties ridden over rough shod by Secretaries Burleson and Palmer and they have held their peace. They have not denounced the continued imprisonment of conscientious objectors and political heretics. They have been silent in face of the institution of a Czaristic system of espionage and repression by Federal, State, and municipal officials. These facts are indisputable. They are matters of record. Why should our clergymen show so profound a concern for the League of Nations which at best is a debatable issue when they make no public or concerted efforts to right open and palpable wrongs?

One ventures to guess that the answer lies in the realm of psychology. Those who now valiantly support the League of Nations are the same who were the great protagonists of the war on moral grounds. In season and out of season they proclaimed a holy war to end war, to save the soul of America, make the world safe for democracy, and establish the rights of the weak and the oppressed. They, following the lead of that greatest preacher of them all, Woodrow Wilson, sought to make the World War, which was essentially a contest between rival imperialisms, a crusade greater than Peter the Hermit ever preached. Behold the result: Misery, hunger, unrest, hate, disillusionment. Never was nationalist, race, or class feeling higher. Armaments increase. New economic rivalries already divide the Allies. No sane man dreams that any one of the fundamental "moral" aims of the war has already been achieved. Literally the only vestige of justification for the protagonists of the holy war is the League of Nations. Few men are clear sighted enough or possess the moral courage requisite for the admission that all their hopes were vain and that we must take a new start to build a lasting peace. It is not merely the opinion of others that preachers and moral leaders have to fear, but the loss of their own self-confidence. To admit the falsity of their hopes or the failure of their methods would be a crushing blow to the inner citadel of their being. The League of Nations *must* be the ark of their salvation else they are utterly shipwrecked in stormy seas. They believe because every instinct of their being demands that they believe—and without question.

One thing that makes this process easier for churchmen is that they are trained in accepting verbal solutions without too nice regard for realities. The whole process of theological readjustment which has enabled modern men to adapt themselves more or less comfortably to medieval creeds—valuable as in many ways it has been—has its obverse side. It makes for a clever casuistry rather than for downright mental integrity. It has trained men in the art of seeing how much one can say without saying too much. On the ethical side the fault of theological education is even more pronounced. Preachers are trained to speak phrases with regard to righteousness and justice which they do not interpret in concrete terms. No man can make these theological and ethical compromises in the pulpit without in time becoming himself far more expert in handling phrases than realities. He solves the old difficulty of putting new wine in old bottles by using not wine at all but only grape juice. And he himself doesn't know the difference.

But back of this faulty education lies something deeper. The main business of the liberal is to find an easy way to solve problems. He will do anything for peace except remove the economic causes of war. No one who studies the way economic interest, playing upon mob psychology, produces war, can believe in any cure for war that does not involve spiritual and economic revolution, the abolition of privilege, and the end of the whole psychology of domination. War is a cancer in the body politic. The League of Nations is a mere poultice for it. This fact your liberal finds it hard to face. For much is at stake. It is comfortable, safe, and morally edifying, for the preacher to support the League of Nations. But to denounce economic imperialism, to champion Haiti and Russia, to defend the prisoner of conscience, and the right of free speech—that's another matter. It is not very comfortable and in many cases far from safe. Of course, all this is not explicit in the minds of the excellent people who champion the League. Nevertheless, it remains true that the explanation of the concern of ministers, ecclesiastical bodies, and miscellaneous liberals for the League of Nations and their indifference to far more obvious moral issues can only be found in an analysis of the motives and interests which far more than reason sway the acts of men.

H. G. Wells Assays Russia

THE New York *Times* must feel like a hen that has hatched an ugly duckling in giving to its readers the views that H. G. Wells has formed as a result of his visit to Russia. Its surprise is perhaps akin to that of the family magazine in England that, having asked Mr. Wells for a story in the days when he was writing pseudo-scientific romance, was presented with the depressing realism of "Love and Mr. Lewisham." The magazine paid big damages rather than print the story, but the *Times* is still bravely featuring the Wells articles, although in two recent instalments it ran on the same page replies by Henry Arthur Jones as antidotes. The Wells articles will offset much propaganda in editorial and news form that has appeared in the *Times* in the last three years, and will reach readers that are not accessible to truth from other sources. For Mr. Wells is in a sense a hostile critic. He does not believe in communism, and became so provoked during his Russian visit with

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the beard of Karl Marx, portrayed in countless portraits, that he avows his longing to see it shaved—if possible, to do the job himself. Mr. Wells cannot be tarred as pro-German; he was one of England's foremost war propagandists. Finally, and perhaps most important, he has made enough money out of the profession of letters to be rated as respectable by even the most hard boiled of *Times* readers.

And what is it Mr. Wells says? That the Soviet Government is in no way the cause of Russia's economic collapse; that, on the contrary, the Bolshevists were the only group with the faith and the power of constructive action that dared face the awful havoc left by war and Czarism in 1917. Of Russia's plight he says:

> Ruin—that is the primary Russian fact at the present time. The Revolution, the Communist rule . . . is quite secondary to that. It is something that has happened in ruin and because of ruin. It is of primary importance that the people in the West should realize that. If the Great War had gone on for a year or so more, Germany, and then the Western powers, would probably have repeated with local variations the Russian crash. . . . For all I know, Western Europe may be still drifting, even now, toward a parallel crash. I am not by any means sure that we have turned the corner. War, self-indulgence, and unproductive speculation may still be wasting more than the Western world is producing, in which case our own crash of currency, failure and universal shortage, social and political collapse, and all the rest of it is merely a question of time. . . . It falsifies the whole world situation, it sets people altogether astray in their political actions, to assert that the frightful destitution of Russia today is to any large extent the result merely of Communist effort; that the wicked Communists have pulled down Russia to her present plight, and that if you can overthrow the Communists' theory one and everything in Russia will suddenly become happy again. Russia fell into its present miseries through the World War and the moral and intellectual insufficiency of its ruling and wealthy people (as our own British state, as presently even the American state, may fall). They had neither brains nor conscience to stop warfare, to stop waste of all sorts, and to stop taking the best of everything and leaving everyone dangerously unhappy, until it was too late. They ruled and wasted and quarreled, blind to the coming disaster, up to the very moment of its occurrence, and then . . . the Communists came in.

Men like Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel, says Mr. Wells, are "essentially brigands," offering no program of which Russia can take hold. "The Communist Party, however one may criticize it, does embody an idea and can be relied on to stand by its idea. So far it is a thing morally higher than anything that has yet come against it." Mr. Wells thinks that, in its effort to survive, the Soviet Government has been guilty both of autocracy and cruelty, "but, if it was fanatical, it was honest," and today it is "as securely established as any Government in Europe, and the streets of Russian towns are as safe as any streets in Europe."

The conclusions of Mr. Wells support the demand of *The Nation* that the United States recognize the present regime, now three years old, as the *de facto* government of Russia. In international practice it has long been the custom to recognize governments palpably less stable and of much shorter duration; it has not been the custom to scrutinize their morals at all. The pretense of our State Department that it cannot recognize the Soviet Government because the latter does not regard agreements with capitalist states as binding is hypocrisy. The real sin of Russia is its economic heresy. Mr. Wells does not fear communism, because he does not believe in it or its possibility of success.

A Championship Worth While

IN a moment of depression the other day we were reflecting on how hard it was becoming to eat, drink, and be merry. To do the second is illegal (if not wholly impossible) and to do the first is so expensive that it dulls one's capacity for the third. We were wondering if the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution would not be a clause making it a felony to eat more than one square meal in twenty-four hours and providing that Thanksgiving Day should hereafter be celebrated as a fast instead of a feast. While occupied with these gloomy speculations we chanced on some information in the newspapers that made us chirp up at once. It appears that one John Bongo of some place in Illinois recently downed at one sitting twenty-seven feet of pork sausage, five pounds of raw beefsteak, three hen's eggs, shells and all, four dried herring, and a gallon of home brew. After doing this he still felt so well that he set up a claim to the eating championship of the world.

Now we had supposed that such a title had long since lapsed and that Mr. Bongo's boast of what he had eaten would be greeted by the angry cry of "Where did you get it?" Indeed we should not have been surprised to see Mr. Bongo arrested and, if not lynched by the populace, tried for sabotage of the national resources. But, much to our surprise and joy, Mr. Bongo's claim roused Ludwig Consumo (how happily named!) of New York City to surmise that the Illinois man was a little feller and a "piker" whom somebody had been fooling. Mr. Consumo went farther: he instructed his manager to notify Mr. Bongo that he would eat him for the championship belt (doubtless a stout size) and a side bet of $500. "My man's father is an Italian and his mother a Bavarian," says Mr. Consumo's manager, "which is why he can both eat and drink. Get a man who is Bavarian and Italian both, and then let him spend two years in the Quartermaster's Corps in the army, and nothing human can eat with him." Mr. Consumo, it is reported, recently ate fifty-four waffles, four lamb kidneys, two packages of cold dried beef, thirty-two raw oysters, and a loaf of bread. "And he was only practicing," explained Mr. Consumo's manager. "My man never ate no egg shells, but for $8 one night he swallowed six inches of isinglass and a ping pong ball, making egg shells look like custard pie."

O Golden Age come back! Just to read a list of Consumo-consumed victuals is as good as a week's board. It brushes away all recollection of hunger strikers and takes us back to King Arthur's day when Earl Doorm sat down

> And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
> And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
> And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:
> And none spake word, but all sat down at once,
> And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
> Feeding like horses when you hear them feed.

Or slipping back hardly a score of years, it recalls the epoch when a good stomach was still a way to political preferment, and Mayor Van Wyck was famous chiefly as the beeksteak-eating champion (or was it runner-up?) of Tammany Hall, having eaten in the neighborhood of fifteen pounds at a time. The Bongo-Consumo meet may be grueling but it will not be a good gruel contest. We want to be there; not in a box seat or at the press table, but inside the ropes. We are not ambitious for the championship belt nor set on the $500 side bet. We shall be satisfied to be even a badly-defeated entry among those who also ate.

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High Finance on the Railroads

By JAMES C. BONBRIGHT

ALMOST unnoticed by the public and almost unmentioned outside of the financial columns of the press, there are now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission two railroad cases that call for one of the most important decisions on railroad policy which that powerful body has ever been obliged to make. The cases referred to are the applications of the Burlington and of the Lackawanna railroads for permission to capitalize their large surpluses. According to newspaper reports the Burlington petition is being actively opposed by minority stockholders of the company, but no protests on behalf of the public have been noted. This lack of public interest is deplorable; for the proposed action of the two railroads concerns the public even more vitally than it concerns the stockholders. The full significance of the pending cases will be evident when one recalls that we are at the very beginning of our experiment of federal control of railroad securities. It is less than three months since the Interstate Commerce Commission assumed its new authority—granted by the Transportation Act of 1920—of regulating the issuance of stocks and bonds by interstate carriers. At the present time, therefore, the Interstate Commerce Commission still has a clean slate; it has no hampering traditions; it has created no vested interests. But this situation will end as soon as a decision is rendered on the above-mentioned cases. A precedent will have been set, a precedent of far-reaching consequence. For what the Burlington and the Lackawanna are permitted to do can hardly be denied to other roads similarly situated.

What these two railroads desire is very simple and can be explained in a few words. They wish to issue securities in order to capitalize their surplus—a surplus secured by the reinvestment of earnings. The Lackawanna would accomplish this object by issuing ninety million dollars of stock, to be distributed among existing stockholders as a stock dividend of about two hundred per cent. The Burlington, on the other hand, asks leave to issue not merely sixty million dollars of additional capital stock, but also eighty million dollars of mortgage bonds. These securities are to be available for distribution among the present stockholders in the form of stock and bond dividends. In both cases, capital liabilities will be enormously increased without the addition of a single cent to the assets.

At first glance, at least, these two proposals seem like flagrant attempts to secure official sanction of stock watering—the very thing that the Interstate Commerce Commission is supposed to prevent. But let us not condemn the procedure without first noting the defense made by the representatives of the petitioning railroads. Briefly, their argument is this. In past years the Burlington and the Lackawanna, like other prosperous roads, have followed the wise and conservative policy of putting back into their property a large share of their net earnings. There was no obligation on their part to do this. If the directors had so desired they would have been quite within their rights in distributing every cent of the earnings among the stockholders in the form of cash dividends. But for prudential reasons they forbore so doing. They preferred to maintain only moderate rates of dividend and to use the balance of earnings to strengthen the property in the ultimate interest of the stockholders. As a result there accrued a huge surplus—that is an excess of assets over nominal capitalization. This surplus, it is argued, is just as truly the property of the stockholders—it has just the same claims to earn a profit—as does that part of the investment which is represented by the original capital. The present desire of the railroads to capitalize this surplus is a desire for official recognition that the surplus is entitled to the same consideration in rate regulation that is accorded to the capital investment. Furthermore—and this is very significant—the railroad officials assert that unless the surplus is capitalized, unless the par value of the securities can be expanded to cover these extra assets, the public will have a false impression that the companies are earning too high rates of profit.

So much for the plea of the railroads. That their argument is a strong one cannot fairly be denied. But it has one serious weakness. It assumes that railroads, if they had only been so disposed, would have been able to pay out all their past high earnings in the form of cash dividends. Legally that is doubtless true; practically it is doubtful in the extreme. The very reason, indeed, why so many companies have refused to distribute their excess earnings is that they have not dared to do so. If they had done so they would have incurred public ill-will. There would have been charges of profiteering and irresistible demands for lower rates or for better service. So instead of exciting public hostility by cutting large melons in the form of cash dividends, these prosperous companies have put back their embarrassingly large earnings into their property, awaiting conditions more favorable for the distribution of profits to stockholders. These "more favorable" conditions were often brought about by an upward recapitalization of the companies. New securities were issued against the redundant surplus. By increasing the nominal capitalization in this way, the railways put themselves in a position to pay larger amounts of dividends while maintaining the appearance of holding the same moderate rates. Examples of this kind are fairly numerous in railroad history, but the two classic examples are the Rock Island and the Alton railroads. Now the Lackawanna and the Burlington would follow these illustrious examples.

Enough has been said, I trust, to throw some doubt on the claim made by railroad officials that a surplus should always be treated exactly like the original capital. It depends on circumstances. If the surplus were built up out of excessively large earnings—earnings that could not have been distributed to stockholders for fear of hostile public action—then it would be clearly unwise to permit the railroads to cover their tracks now by issuing securities to capitalize the surplus. If, on the other hand, the earnings that have been reinvested were not exorbitant, if they might have been distributed in all fairness as cash dividends, then the plea of the railroads deserves much respect and should probably be granted. In the present cases, the Interstate Commerce Commission should take those historical considerations into account. From this point of view, the prima facie evidence is against the Lackawanna, which has paid cash dividends of extraordinarily high rates

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in addition to setting aside a large surplus, while the same kind of evidence tends to favor the Burlington, which has paid dividends averaging only 8.51 per cent from 1901 to 1920. But prima facie evidence is far from conclusive; an exhaustive investigation is necessary.

Our discussion, so far, has concerned itself with the propriety of issuing securities in order to capitalize a surplus; but we have not yet taken account of an even more important problem raised by the present cases—the problem of the kind of security that may be issued against the surplus. For while the Lackawanna is content to ask permission to issue merely additional stock, the Burlington desires to issue not only stock but bonds. This proposal of the Burlington is nothing less than startling. If approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission it will give official sanction to one of the most dangerous and harmful practices of which American railroads have been guilty—the practice of issuing bonds in excess of the amounts required for the purpose of securing the needed capital. Companies that indulge in this practice put themselves in a position where they cannot safely pass through a period of financial stress. Bonds, of course, are unlike stock in that the rate of interest is fixed; it cannot be adjusted, as can dividends, to conform to the changing earnings. A company that borrows in excess is like a ship that is unable to shorten sail—very satisfactory in fair weather but dangerous in a blow.

No persons, indeed, have been more ready to deplore the recent tendency of railroads to finance themselves by borrowing rather than by issuing stock than have the railroad officials themselves. They have insisted, however, on holding the Government responsible for the evil, on the ground that railroad earnings have been so restricted by unfair rate regulation as to make it impossible for companies to market their stocks. We must concede a large measure of truth in this indictment. But what then shall we say of a strong road like the Burlington which would make its very prosperity the occasion for a huge bond issue, an issue which, without securing a penny of capital, will saddle upon the company an addition of $4,800,000 a year to its fixed charges? Is this playing fair with the public, which has submitted to heavy rate increases for the purpose of strengthening railroad credit? So far from using the higher rates to improve their credit, such roads would expand their capital burdens *pari passu* with their increased earnings. If such attempts were generally successful, they would soon result in a demand for a further rate increase in order to bolster up the higher capitalization. It is a perfect vicious circle.

One might suppose that railroad officials would learn some lessons from past fiascos. There was the Alton case. This once prosperous road owes its misfortunes in large measure to a financial action of the very same sort that the Burlington now proposes to take—it issued bonds in exchange for stock and as a capitalization of surplus, thereby weakening its financial structure to a point where it almost collapsed as soon as hard times arrived. Similar in results, though different in procedure, was the Rock Island financing—which so increased the bonded debt of the company that it went into the hands of a receiver and had to submit to a stringent reorganization. It was for the very purpose of preventing a recurrence of these forms of high finance that Congress gave to the Interstate Commerce Commission power to control all future capital issues.

To be sure the Burlington officials would have a ready reply to all this. Their road, they claim, is making such excellent earnings that it can bear the addition of almost five million dollars to its fixed charges without suffering any impairment to its credit. Such an argument, however, is so absurd that one can hardly believe that it is meant to be taken seriously. Precisely the same argument was made in defense of the Alton recapitalization. It overlooks the fact that railroads must be prepared to go through periods of hard times and to meet unforeseen emergencies. Every penny of fixed charges weakens, by so much, the ability of a company to face such emergencies. Of course, the fixed charges may be justified provided they have been assumed as a means of securing necessary capital for the railroad; but when they are assumed merely in order to pay extra dividends to stockholders, they find no such justification. Even aside from the possibility of an emergency, does any one really suppose that a company can bear an increase of more than sixty-five per cent in fixed charges without impairing its ability to float more securities? And one must remember, in this connection, that to these proposed heavy increases in interest charges the Burlington admits that it must add still other increases; it wishes to issue still more bonds for the purpose of securing funds for improvement. No wonder that the minority stockholders are alarmed at the proposal! But the public should be even more alarmed; for on the good credit of the railroads hangs their hope for good service. A great responsibility rests upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. A correct decision will mark a distinct advance toward a new era of sound railroad finance; an erroneous decision would mean that we have not yet outlived the days of the New Haven, Rock Island, Pere Marquette, and Alton railroads.

Emergent

By JAMES RORTY

One day—
Not now, for earth incloses me, and I
Am native to the dung—
One day,
Out of the dark cellars of my grief
I shall mount, I shall climb to laughter;
I shall send the white tendrils of my sick desire
Up from the cold and sounding darkness of my space in Time
And blindly search, and find, and find at last
A path to day and laughter.
My roots are firm in ordure—I am strong;
Yes, I shall struggle, I shall climb
Until the mold is broken and the light
Shines through, and mirth
Possesses me, and I possess
The wild great heart of mirth;
I shall shout that day
As morning glories shout;
I shall stand with the trees and weave
In strong contention with the wind, and blow
Across the wheat, and flow
With rivers;
With the cattle I shall rove,
And crop, and gaze upon the plain.
One day—
I shall be free.

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Labor's Valley Forge

By NEIL BURKINSHAW

DRIVEN from their homes at the point of a gun for the crime of joining the union, more than four hundred miners and their families are camping in tents on the snow-covered mountains in Mingo County, West Virginia. To add to their difficulties federal troops have been summoned to play the ancient game of keeping "law and order." But it will take more than the cold clutch of winter and the presence of soldiers to make the miners surrender in their fight for recognition of their right to unionize.

Across the Tug River, a narrow stream dividing Mingo County from Kentucky, is the union workers' "No Man's Land" held by the gunmen of the Kentucky coal operators who waylay, beat, and sometimes kill anyone even suspected of union affiliations. The same condition obtains in McDowell County of West Virginia just south of Mingo. The region was settled in pre-Revolutionary days by pioneers who crossed the mountains from Virginia and North Carolina, a hardy stock of Welsh, English, and Scotch from whom the miners are descended. One rarely encounters a foreigner there so that the industrial war now raging cannot be ascribed—as is the convenient practice—to the agitation of the foreign element.

The press alludes always to the affair as a strike. But strictly speaking this is a lock-out. The miners were discharged and evicted from their homes for joining the union. A strike was called on the first of July—a month and a half after the men were driven from their jobs—but only to keep the ranks intact until recognition of the union was granted. More than ten thousand men, women, and children are now affected. Some have been able to live on in the rude company shacks—of course, upon prompt payment of the rent which the union provides—but many of these have been served notice to vacate and will soon be trekking across the ridges with their few household possessions to take their chances with the rest. In the tent colonies the destitution and hardship has become appalling. Huddled under canvas that flapped and strained at the guy-ropes in the high winds, I found hundreds of families gathered about pitifully small fires. In most cases the tent-dwellers were living on the bare, frozen earth, the most fortunate having simply a strip of oil-cloth or carpet as floor covering. Several children have died of pneumonia and it was pitiful to see any number of new-born babies there—and worst, many women pregnant. But on the whole the health of the tent-dwellers is good. I saw scores of bare-footed children whose only garment was a thin calico or gingham dress. Not a dozen men possessed overcoats, and most of them had nothing but thin overall suits. The women almost invariably wore gingham—a lucky few having sweaters or cheap coats.

However the United Mine Workers organization is meeting the clothing shortage and doing the best it can to relieve the hardship of the tents. More than $150,000 worth of clothing was ordered recently and arrangements have been made to provide lumber for flooring. The union has made an allowance for food—five dollars a week for each man, two for each woman, and one for each child.

Many of the families camped on Mate Creek were driven from Mohawk, McDowell County. They were not given time to remove their household effects and they cannot go back even for their own personal property as the penalty is brutal assault or possibly death. Lee Perdew, an independent storekeeper at Mohawk who dared the wrath of the coal operators by handling grocery orders for the miners, was besieged in his store by company gunmen who fired more than a thousand bullets through the building. At Lick Creek, I found Oscar Alliff who, awakened after midnight by a party of armed men come to turn him out of doors, had pleaded in vain for his sick wife. With three little children, all under five, they were driven from their home, shots flew over their heads as they went, and they were forced to sit up all night in the tent of a colored miner who hospitably welcomed them to his rude shelter. The plight of the Acadians was no more terrible.

There is no doubt about Mingo County being on a war footing. The region is wild and has been a "gun-toting" country from time immemorial. Since last May forty-five men have been killed and several hundred wounded, which is of course all ascribed to "union agitators"—unfairly. Miners have shot—and will shoot—in self-defense, but on the whole they show the most amazing patience and seem to realize that a resort to primitive justice can only injure their cause. Until the federal troops arrived the police duty has been in the hands of the state constabulary and the sheriff's large force of deputies.*

Little need be said of the necessity that impelled the miners of Mingo County to organize—it is too obvious to anyone familiar with industrial conditions. But in addition to the usual inability to gain ground economically while treating with their employers as individuals, the miners have been subjected to vicious abuses—the black-list, eviction from their homes, and compulsory dealing with the company store where prices were higher than at the independent shops. A wage increase was invariably accompanied by higher prices at the company store. As a result the miners will endure a dozen winters in camp rather than return to non-union conditions. I talked with the mother of six barefoot children in the colony at Nolan and, to draw her out, spoke of the suffering of her children. Had the coal operators made any overtures to her husband to return to work?

"What yo' mean?" she asked somewhat belligerently—"Ma ole man a' talkin' about scabbin' hit? Why I'd a' take the children and leave him tomorrar ef he even talked of a' goin' back to wuk."

The "ole man" dimmed a glowing coal in the fire with a long distance shot of tobacco juice.

"Yo' see," he observed smiling, "I couldn't think a' losin' mah ole woman—even ef I wanted to go back."

The miners of Mingo County are fighting one of the gamest fights in the history of industrial war, fighting for a principle—the emancipation of themselves and their children from the worst economic serfdom in America. Nearly all labor will be fighting the same fight this winter, fighting out in the cold as it were and struggling grimly to preserve the most elementary of their hard-won rights. Mingo County is the scene of labor's Valley Forge.

* In Logan County the sheriff is paid $32,700 a year by the coal operators and most of the armed guards at the mines are deputy sheriffs, also paid by the coal companies, but appointed by the County Court. See Private Ownership of Public Officials by Arthur Gleason in *The Nation*, May 29.

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A Lesson in History

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The invitation issued by the War Office to scientists to form committees to study the application of chemistry to warfare, both offensive and defensive, has shocked a great number of people, including some scientists. Personally I am glad we are acting in the open in this matter and not, as are some other nations, in the dark. . . . It [the League of Nations] cannot compel the abolition of poison gas or the reduction of armies and navies. The Council has the question of the use of poison gas under consideration and finds itself considerably embarrassed in the matter. . . .

The potentialities of poison gas are so terrible that the Council cannot take upon itself the responsibility of advising the members of the League to abrogate its use unless and until it can protect them adequately. At present it cannot possibly do that. The League cannot prevent a scientist from working out a formula for a gas far more deadly than any used in the great war, nor can it alter the fact that many chemical industries, such, for example, as the dye industry, can be used for the rapid production of gas. The members of the League cannot pledge themselves not to manufacture and use poison gas unless they are assured that it will not be used against them.

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, in the London *Daily News*.

"COMMUNICATION ceased," said the Professor, "just five hundred and thirty-three years ago, on May 8, 1983. Every effort to obtain answers to our wireless telephone calls was in vain. Feeling certain that some final disaster had brought the European war to a sudden end, President Wei-hai-Wei sent out a squadron of fliers from Peking at ten o'clock on the morning of the tenth, and a few hours later they had crossed the Continent and landed in France. The report which they brought back a week later is familiar to you all.

"The cities and towns of Europe had disappeared within a few months after the opening of hostilities. By the fall of 1980, there was nothing left but a few scattered villages here and there. With a suddenness which was appalling, the millions of England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and the other countries of the Continent found themselves flung back into the savage state of human development. They wandered like lost tribes through the wastes of what had once been orchards, harvest fields, vast manufacturies, and marts of trade. Starvation set in with the winter snows, and by spring all children and most women had died of hunger. The armies, hastily mobilized at the outbreak of the conflict, became mere mobs, marching and fighting without distinction of nation or even race. Nothing was left now but the animal instinct of survival—the passion for food, warmth, and shelter. By the beginning of 1983 only Spain, Italy, Southern France, and the Balkans had living men within their borders. The rest of Europe was as waste and tenantless as the moon. Then, in May, came the final horror.

"The machine which was used for the scattering of the gas is on exhibition, as you know, in Room C, of the Museum of European Art and Science. It is the only specimen which has survived. The others, which were found with it at Sofia, were all destroyed by order of President Wei-hai-Wei; and further manufacture of such devilish contrivances was strictly forbidden by his successor, Hoan-Ho. Knowledge of this kind of chemical invention disappeared as early as 2300 or thereabouts, and the machine therefore is today pretty much of a puzzle. It is evident, however, that the inventors of this final triumph of European ingenuity had hit upon a wholly new method for distributing those deadly gases which made their first appearance in the German War of 1914, and were later developed to such horrors of effectiveness. For years, the scientists had tried to discover some means of spreading over continental areas the fumes which were so hideously destructive within a range varying from ten to fifty miles, according to the state of the weather and the condition of the atmosphere. Even when the war started, little progress had been made over the accomplishments of 1950 and 1975. But suddenly, under the stimulus of this final war, the way was found, and this machine produced. The result was exactly what had been prophesied again and again. The whole remaining remnant of Europe's miserable population was blotted out in a night, including the unhappy and fatuous men who operated the machines. For months thereafter ships were picked up in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with the crews stricken dead upon their decks. All Northern Africa, as you know, was swept by this hurricane of horror, and Asia as far as India and the Himalayas.

"This event marks the close of European history. It is the most dreadful moment in the story of mankind—and yet the most beneficent also. For there passed forever the race which so long vexed the earth with conquest and slaughter. The European of all breeds was a beast. His life was the jungle life. His law was the law of tooth and claw. So long as he endured, the peoples of the earth could have no peace. Had his spirit matched his intellect, his generosity equaled his ingenuity, this European would have been the most marvelous product of evolution. But he failed exactly after the pattern of that supreme type of European genius, Napoleon Bonaparte. Stupidity, pride, cruelty, without a vestige of unselfishness or compassion—these were his traits. Of course, they meant his destruction in the end. It is fortunate that it came when it did—self-inflicted, and without involving our fathers.

"The action of Wei-hai-Wei, in 1985, was as wise as it was symbolic. Europe, you will remember, from Scandinavia to Sicily, from Holland to the Caucasus, was sown with salt. All men were forbidden to come within three miles of this hated Continent. And there, from that day to this, endure the snowy mountains and the desert plains—a monument to the just fate of the maddest race that is known to history."

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES C. BONBRIGHT is instructor in finance at Columbia University.

NEIL BURKINSHAW is a Washington lawyer who, after service with the American Army in France, was attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York, the editor of *Unity* and an occasional contributor to *The Nation*.

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In the Driftway

THERE is something melancholy and tragic as well as stupid about the great ship Leviathan lying idle at its Hoboken dock. Death by gradual decay is not a good death; if the Leviathan could speak it would doubtless lament that it was not allowed to carry on to a ripe and dignified old age, and ask that when death overtakes it at the last it might be with its boots on, gloriously, in the open sea. Any self-respecting ship could be rightly shocked at the extravagant stupidity of the men who claim to be its masters. Its timbers would have a tale of wasted forests, its steel plates of wasted metal; and when this intricate and amazing assemblage of material forms a ship doomed to inaction, its decks must be vibrant with protests no less heartfelt because mute.

* * * * *

YOUNG lady shoplifters spending the winter months in Southern jails must have noted with interest a newspaper paragraph from Georgia which told how one of their number had "quietly eloped" with a prison guard from the women's building of the State penitentiary. The young lady, it was further related, bore the name of Juanita, and was twenty-one years old and blonde. Cynics might suggest that this was a one-sided elopement in which Juanita escaped from bondage while her gentleman friend stepped into it. But to the Drifter the incident suggests that young lady prisoners who weary of their environment should profit by this example of direct action. How much better than the slow old way of seeking, through tedious good behavior, a parole or commutation of sentence! To prison officials, however, the Drifter offers the advice to employ as guards of women's buildings only married men in their dotage, particularly if among their passing guests they shelter any from Georgia who answer to the name of Juanita, and are twenty-one years old and blonde. What robust son of Adam, in or out of or about jail, would not be tempted by a Georgia peach?

* * * * *

POPULATION figures have always pleased the Drifter. There was a time when he could recite the names of the twenty-five leading cities of the United States and give their population figures to the thousand; and when St. Paul passed his natal city in the list, his municipal jealousy knew no bounds. The newspapers tell us that the population of the United States in the last decade increased 14.9 per cent. The Drifter discovers other figures which in part comfort and in part distress him. He who hates automobiles with all the embittered hate of the pedestrian poor is pained to learn that our horse population has increased but 6.6 per cent in the last decade; he is pleased to know that the milch cows have gained 15 per cent in the same period—he hopes it means that midnight milk may remain in the realm of economic possibilities. Had he not long been perforce a near-vegetarian he would be more distressed that "other cattle" have gained less than 8 per cent, and that sheep, like the people of Vermont, are declining in number. But when it comes to bacon and to Saturday night salt pork the Drifter has always set palate above purse, so when he reads that the pig population has increased 35.3 per cent, his heart leaps up with statistical, gustatory, and economic joy.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Up-to-Date Supply and Demand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the Department of Justice persists in its spectacular and futile efforts to lower food prices, the Treasury is on the point of loaning several million dollars to keep them up. The loan in question is asked for by the Brazilian Government, and may be granted under any one of several pretexts. The actual reason will be the desire to keep up the present artificial price of one of America's popular beverages, coffee. American banking interests of great political influence are interested in this loan. The Guaranty Trust Company group, which is financing the ubiquitous Mercantile Bank of the Americas, the heaviest importer of coffee in the United States, and the National City Bank of New York group, which is financing W. R. Grace and Company, one of the largest importers of coffee, have loaded up with this grain very heavily, either by actual purchase or by loans to their clients on the inflated value of coffee consigned to them. Since June, coffee has fallen in price about two-thirds of its previous value. Consequently if the coffee is sold at present market prices these companies stand to lose very heavily.

During the past five months they have avoided loss by maintaining an artificial retail price. Coffee is still selling in the retail stores at 50 cents a pound, while on the open market in South America the prices are nearer 10-15 cents, and there is no market at those quotations. In Venezuela, the second coffee country, some of the grades can be obtained for 8 cents, and the new crop now being harvested will lower these prices still further. The banking interests realize that they cannot expect to keep an artificial price permanently. Also there is the threat of new capital entering the coffee market, buying the new crop at the bottom of the market, underselling the present holders of coffee by 50 per cent and still making a large profit. These present holders see a means of escape in the Brazilian loan. Brazil is expected to use this loan, as she used a loan from Great Britain during the war, to buy up and put aside a large part of the new Brazilian coffee crop and thus, by decreasing the supply available, increase or maintain the price. Last time the Brazilian Government bought 8,000,000 bags. Of this 6,000,000 have been disposed of. Great Britain is in no position to repeat her loan. So the United States are being prevailed upon to loan Brazil enough to set a good part of her coffee crop aside for the present. The rest of the crop will then enter the market at much higher prices than those prevailing at present, and the coffee now hoarded in New York and the port towns of South America can be sold at little or no loss to the companies owning it or loaning on its inflated value. The loan will take care very nicely of the Brazilian merchants and the two great banking groups in New York which form the nucleus of the coffee ring. It will also effectively enable the coffee buyers to keep up the present high prices of retail coffee, and make the consumer continue to pay heavily and consistently for the buyers' mistakes.

Maracaibo, Venezuela, October 22 HORACE BUXTON

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The Pro-Sinn Fein *Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read with indignation and disgust in *The Nation* of November 17, "There is rebellion in Ireland, and the rebels are men of the stamp of Washington, Kosciuszko, and Kossuth." Yet it is like *The Nation* to defile the name of Washington by mentioning him in the same breath with the bloodthirsty, wild, crazy Paddies in Ireland.

"I don't know what your guv'ment is; but I'm agin it," is the Paddy motto and *The Nation's*, too.

CHARLES E. STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, November 18

The Pro-British *Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reciting the list of witnesses asked to appear before your Irish Commission you have the following entries: "Mrs. Thomas MacCurtain, widow of the former Lord Mayor of Cork, who was *slain* in March"; "Miss Irene E. Swanzy, sister of Police Inspector Swanzy, who was *murdered* at Lisburn." Your choice of the terms *slain* and *murdered* does great credit to your cleverness. Of course you are aware that Mayor MacCurtain was brutally murdered and that Swanzy was executed for committing that murder. This, I presume, is a preliminary coat of the whitewash your commission is expected to apply to England's crimes.

JOHN F. KELLY

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, November 16

A Question to Faith Adams

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the caption "A Question to Democracy," Faith Adams writes on pages 524-526 of your current volume. Does the matter of the article really present a question to democracy rather than to some much narrower spirit? I do not see the colored family described as your contributor sees them by any means, and yet, perhaps I am just as far from seeing them in the same light that the great mass of my intelligent fellow Southerners would regard them. That is to say I am very far from feeling the same sort of sympathy for the colored doctor L——s and his doubtless refined family that Faith Adams appears to feel if I read the story aright. And again I am just as far from feeling no sympathy for them. This colored Dr. L——s, rising to middle-class affluence and to middle-class standards of refinement and delicacy of feeling, or being born to them all, moves with his family into a genteel quarter of the bourgeoisie *out in the suburbs*, removed from the vulgar crowding of the slums. The refinement of the white middle class of that quarter is not sufficiently broad and catholic to absorb the newcomers without shock. I know the capacity of the Negro race too well to doubt that it can have fine feelings and delicate sensibilities. No doubt this colored family has experiences in that middle-class quarter that were painful. But after all why did the colored physician carry his family there among those refined white people? Plainly enough he carried them there to avoid contact with the black proletarians of Shantytown. Between the lines I can easily read that he and his family, being of the middle class, could not afford to have at their home nor at their table the unlettered proletarian barbarians of Shantytown. It was painful for this colored family to be obliged to live next door to colored people whom economic conditions have caught and held in a lower social rank. I say this coldly and without thought of sarcasm, for the pain that comes to those in that posture of mind from being obliged to endure their in-

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feriors is as real as any other pain. I think I can fairly say from reading the story that Faith Adams sees the matter in no other light. But now suppose some large black scrubwoman from Shantytown could seem to be about to make good a threat to move herself and family next door to the colored physician and his family, just as the L——s moved next door to refined whites. Would not another question arise and would not that other question, instead of the one propounded by Faith Adams, be the one to democracy? Certainly the colored physician and his family did not avoid Shantytown and its black proletarians because they had any broad fondness for black proletarian society, and no less certainly they would dread this black scrubwoman for a neighbor, dread her daughters as schoolmates of their own. Again there are white proletarian sections in that same city, and had one of the proletarian families, without changing its habits and burying its antecedents and traditions, moved into our quarter of the bourgeoisie in the colored physician's stead, I fancy he and his family would have found a welcome not more agreeable to their proletarian sensibilities. Seeing all of which, I am moved to say that the story of the L——s in no way worth while touches the great race problem, nor indeed does it seem to raise any question broader than that of middle-class ethics. If such be the writer's purpose the space is well used, but the Negro race in America is proletarian and has scant time and less inclination to wail the woes of the few blacks who mounting upon the shoulders of their brethren strive to climb into the serene existence of the middle class, where the whole race can never come. Could not that same very able contributor attempt the real question for your readers?

Summerville, Ga., November 8 C. D. RIVERS

[C. D. Rivers's letter was submitted to Faith Adams and her answer follows.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

I believe my article did present a question to Democracy, but it certainly did not present the whole of the race problem, merely one phase of it to which expression has usually been denied. If, as C. D. Rivers says, it raises no broader question than that of "middle-class ethics," middle-class ethics, after all, still largely govern American life. I mean that while proletarian philosophy is still chiefly a matter of theory, middle-class philosophy is an actuality which determines not only the conduct of the middle class of which I wrote, but of nearly all Americans. I was attempting neither to defend these ethics nor Democracy as we practice it, but merely to show the effect of one of its curious and cruel inconsistencies. To believe this inconsistency affects only "the few blacks who, mounting upon the shoulders of their brethren, strive to climb into the serene existence of the middle class" is to underrate the force of popular belief and popular prejudice. That the trouble of the L——s may seem trivial compared with those of the millions of submerged black toilers does not mean that their troubles are not real but that the Negro toiler is doubly handicapped. He shares with the L——s the burden of race prejudice in addition to his own burden of poverty and ignorance. I selected the phase of the problem represented by the L——s, simply because it came under my observation and because it was through them that I came to understand vividly the suffering, repression, and timidity, the torture to youth and sensitiveness, and the horrible waste of the Negro's time, energy, and brain power which results from our race prejudice. There are, as C. D. Rivers implies, other and grave injustices in our civilization, but I know of none which cuts more deeply at the roots of human happiness, or which is more cruelly deliberate. That I used the case of a middle-class family by way of illustration does not mean that this form of discrimination hampers only the colored people belonging to that class. All Negroes living in America are subject daily and hourly *because of their color* to abuses varying from petty humiliation to lynching. In the case of the L——s the working of race prejudice is simply thrown into a little clearer relief because it is not complicated by other factors.

To take up briefly the specific questions C. D. Rivers suggests: first, Dr. L——s did not, as a matter of fact, come to Elm Street to avoid the "black proletarians of Shantytown," but to avoid its squalor and disease. As C. D. Rivers undoubtedly knows prejudice has forced colored people all over the country to live in undesirable sections—sections that not only Dr. L——s but the "unlettered proletarian barbarians" and C. D. Rivers himself and anyone else would avoid if he could. It is not merely a question of the pathetic and possibly vulgar longing of the L——s to share our gentility, although they may have such longings. It was for them a matter of weighing loneliness, isolation, exile from their kind, and the daily struggle with our contempt and hostility, against certain definite gains in health and education for their children; and whether their choice was wise or not their course was one which required no little courage and determination. There may be something to be said against the struggle of an individual to get the best he can in life for his children or against his conception of what that best is, but his right to do so according to his lights is not, it seems to me, affected by his color.

Secondly, I see no reason to believe that the experiences of the L——s would have been less "painful" in the "white proletarian section." The experiences of the black workers who moved into such sections in East St. Louis and Chicago does not tend to support such a view. The hypothetical case of the white proletarian family moving to Elm Street also does not seem to me a parallel. Of course it could easily happen. It is not an uncommon small town occurrence, but the probable result would be one of two things. Either the family so moving would become itself "middle class" and adopt the standards and prejudices of its environment or the middle class would move elsewhere and leave the quarters to the newcomer. That the shameless organized cruelty, the potential violence, the contemptuous disregard of their humanity with which the L——s are faced, would be shown to such a family I think doubtful.

As to the "large black scrubwoman" the attitude of the L——s would be determined, I suppose, by the degree to which they were predominently race or class conscious. Personally, I do not believe that they or the colored group of which they are typical "would dread her as a neighbor and her daughters as schoolmates to her own." They might, I think, rejoice that another member of their race had triumphed over the obstacles they know so well and had achieved for her children what they have achieved for theirs. They might also be glad of the possibility of human contact that she brought with her. On the other hand they might be sufficiently snobbish to wish to avoid such contact. My impression is that colored people differ as widely as other people in such matters. Also, it is not inconceivable that a sensitive struggling people, constantly chafing against the barrier of race prejudice, constantly depreciated or ridiculed, might develop an "inferiority complex" that would express itself in snobbishness; that would find in class lines drawn within the group by some of its own members some compensation for the race line drawn against it by others.

C. D. Rivers seems to me quite within his rights in asking me to answer my own question to Democracy and it is as such that I still see it. I suppose the answer of the L——s would be to abolish all forms of race prejudice, race discrimination, and race privilege. A Democracy functioning on such a basis would be so infinitely fairer than that which they have known that it would, I think, seem to them a Utopia. I, too, see it as the solution of the race question as such and as one step in the establishment of authentic Democracy. Alone, however, it leaves the black scrubwoman in Shantytown and the white scrubwoman in the slum that corresponds to it and I think C. D. Rivers is quite right in thinking it an insufficient answer. The real answer I suppose would be the abolition not only of all race but of all class privilege. No Shantytown, black or white, but for all the opportunity to give to their children *wherever* they wish to do so the things that we on Elm Street are striving to give to our children.

New York, November 18 FAITH ADAMS

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International Relations Section

The Present State of the Polish Jews

THE following interpolation in the Polish parliament on the state of the Jews in Poland was presented in October by the Jewish deputies. It is interesting to note that the excesses described all occurred during recent months, after the investigation by Sir Stuart Samuel and the submission of his report—printed in the International Relations Section for August 7—to the British Government.

The excesses against the Jews, which have been going on with but short intervals for the past eighteen months, redoubled in intensity during the first part of July, 1920, when the danger of the Bolshevik invasion became acute. This recrudescence of excesses coincided with the intensification of the anti-Jewish agitation under the form of "public appeals" issued by the authorities through the printing works of the *Soldat Polonais;* these appeals systematically identified the Bolsheviki with the Jews.

When Deputy Hartglass called the attention of the present Minister of War (then Under-Secretary of War) General Sosnkovski, to this fact, the latter expressed his astonishment and promised to go into the question. Nevertheless, the anti-Jewish agitation by means of public appeals not only did not cease, but, on the contrary, increased with the aggravation of the Bolshevist danger. The deputies declared as eyewitnesses that these appeals were placarded and distributed by the police. The only effect achieved by the appeal to General Sosnkovski was that the placards displayed at Warsaw did not bear any indication as to their origin; on the other hand, those which were posted in the provinces, were marked very clearly "Published by the *Soldat Polonais*."

In spite of the growth of the animosity against the Jews due to this agitation, and of the excesses, as well as of the continual pillaging, the Jewish population, seeing the danger which threatened the state, decided to make all the necessary sacrifices required of them in their task as citizens. A "Jewish Committee for the Defense of the Country" was formed; the Jewish youth, and especially the students and the school children, enrolled in masses. The students entered their names in the sanitary services. This eagerness on the part of the Jewish population to serve their country was, from the beginning, looked upon with disfavor by the authorities. They began to create difficulties for the Jewish committee in their project to erect, at their own expense, a hospital for the wounded and even went so far as to question the right of existence of the committee. There were even cases where Jews were not admitted into the army as volunteers. Jewish nurses were systematically refused admission to the Red Cross.

The animosity against the Jews prevailing in the capital reached the provinces. Under the pretext of having to guarantee the security of the state at this critical moment, the authorities in a number of towns and villages arrested the Jews without taking into account their political views, taking into custody Communists as well as Moderate Socialists, even Zionists and people not belonging to any party whatsoever. They closed various Jewish institutions and societies, even those of an economic and cultural nature. These occurrences took place on the territory of old Congress Poland, as for instance at Vlodava, Nassielsk, Zambrov, Mlava, Niedzyrzece. The authorities in Galicia refused to legalize Jewish societies, stating that these societies were only formed in order to serve Jewish interests (at Osviecim, Ranizov, Krakow).

At the approach of the enemy towards Modline, General Latinik, Governor-General of Warsaw, ordered the evacuation of the population from the localities near the fortress (from Novy-Dvor, Zakroczym, Pomiechovka). When the Jewish deputies intervened in this connection, it was declared that the measure adopted did not solely affect the Jews, yet it is an established fact that, although Jews, Germans, and Russians were included in such order, only the Jews were evacuated by force. The dwelling houses and goods of the evacuated Jews were immediately pillaged by the soldiers and the scum of the Christian population remaining in the town.

At the same time the Minister of War categorically instructed his subordinates immediately to put into execution the circulars which had up to that time remained secret, regarding the expulsion of Jewish soldiers from the offices and military bureaus. According to the circulars the number of Jews occupying these offices could not exceed 5 per cent. An order was also given at this time to create a camp for Jewish labor battalions of Jablonna; all military units had received orders to expel the Jews forming their company, and to send them to Jablonna to be interned and to form special bodies of Jewish workers. These two orders took effect on the 15th of August. Jewish soldiers were sent in from a number of units to which they had, up to this time, belonged—the only exception being those companies at the front. In many cases their uniforms were torn from them and they were sent under a strong escort to Jablonna where they were treated as deserters. At Jablonna there were not only Jews who had been called up under compulsory service, but also volunteers, and even old legionaries who had distinguished themselves at Szczypiorna and who had been decorated for the defense of Lvov, Lemberg, etc. . . .

A special guard consisting of Posnanien soldiers was sent to the camp and treated the interned men in a very brutal fashion, in consequence of which grave acts of violence took place. Further, other guards and police were sent to the camp so that each little group of interned men was guarded by a sentry. After prolonged efforts the camp at Jablonna was abandoned after having been in existence four weeks, but special measures were applied to the Jewish soldiers which eliminated them from the general mass of the army: they were not sent back to their original units but to other military regions, where they were treated as if they had committed a military crime.

At the beginning of the Bolshevik retreats, rumors were spread concerning the pretended Jewish treason. The communiques of the General Headquarters announced the fact that a Jewish army detachment had been seized at Siedlce which had fought on the side of the Bolsheviki, and that the Polish troops had fought the Jewish population at Bialystok, the latter having considerably reinforced the ranks of the Bolsheviki. After verification on the spot, it was established that not a single armed Jew had been seized at Siedlce and that the appeal published by the representatives of the local Polish population on the day following the expulsion of the Bolsheviki made no mention of any Jewish detachment whatever, but emphasized that the Jewish population with very few exceptions had acted in a loyal manner. As to Bialystok it was declared that there had never been an encounter with the Jews, but that on the contrary the representatives of the Polish population on the local civil committee had no reproaches to make concerning the demeanor of the Jews.

However, the legend of the Jewish treason, as reported by the G. H. Q. communiques, had traveled all over Poland; everywhere the Jews were being reproached on account of their treachery, and yet at an inquiry held on the spot it was established that the participation of the Jewish population in the administrative offices instituted by the Bolsheviki in the occupied territories was relatively smaller in comparison with that of the Polish population, not only in its socialist elements, but also in its conservative ones. Nearly everywhere, the latter accepted positions under the invader—at Mlava, Biala-Podlaska, Lomza, Poultousk, etc. Investigations showed that apart from the rural population it was the Jews who suffered most from the Bolshevik domination. A contribution in the form of forced sales on various merchandise was levied at the rate of the

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Bolshevik ruble, which was artificially raised to be in keeping with the Polish mark. It has been established that the Bolsheviki arrested and took away as hostages Christians as well as Jews, and that in many places the Bolsheviki, guided by the scum of the Polish population, pillaged the property belonging to the Jews.

At Vysokie-Mazovieck, for instance, where the Polish population took a very passive view of the Bolshevik invasion the Jews formed an armed detachment which succeeded in expelling the Bolsheviki from the town.

In connection with the legend of Jewish treachery, the activities of the President of the Council were hard to understand. After a stay at Siedlce, where he refused to receive a deputation of the Jewish population, a Polish appeal was immediately issued which aimed at the undermining of the old appeal of the Polish population. After his visit at Plock a semi-official communique was published by the official Polish telegraphic agency, stating that the Jews at Plock had upheld the Bolsheviki, throwing boiling water on the Polish soldiers and communicating with the enemy by means of an underground telephone. The municipal council at Plock denied these tales, but the Polish telegraphic agency only published a part of this denial.

A public reunion took place toward the end of August at which Deputy Bryl, a member of the party of the President of the Council, spoke at great length in the presence of the Premier concerning Jewish treachery and demanded that punishment be inflicted. He was neither interrupted nor contradicted by the Premier.

During the administration of the previous President of the Council, Mr. Grabski, it had been decided by the mixed Polish-Jewish Commission to publish a manifesto to the people to be printed by the Government recognizing the loyal attitude of the Jews. This appeal was never published owing to the fact that the President of the Council refused to sign it, giving as his reason the occurrences which were alleged to have taken place at Siedlce and Plock. . . .

At Drohiczyn the Jews were hunted into the river and about fifteen shot in the water—the others might have saved themselves, but the peasants of the neighborhood had gathered together to strike them. At Locise a very large number of Jewish girls were violated and the majority of Jewish inhabitants robbed. An officer dispersed the plunderers shouting that pillaging was only allowed to continue for twenty-four hours; however, in spite of that, the plundering continued. The local police sneered at the Jews who asked them for protection.

At Vyszkov the local Christian population had been asked to massacre all those Jews against whom they had any complaint to make. At Garvoline a Jew, Mr. Rothberg, was shot without trial on the denunciation and with the participation of his competitor, a Christian. At Laskarzev a young Jewess was shot under the same conditions. At Lonel, near Plock, two Jews were shot without trial. Near Lukov, twelve Jews from Miendzyrzece were shot without trial and before their death were ordered to dig their own graves. At Jagodne three Jews were killed in the same manner. At Dzievule, on the denunciation of the local pointsman, a Jew living in that locality was shot. At Pultusk, Mordy, Makov, Vengrov, Zainbrov the Jewish population was struck and tortured. At Otvock up to the 12th of September Jewish girls were violated daily. At Glinianki, in the presence of an officer and without trial, twelve aged Jews were shot after having been subjected to torture and several Jewish women violated. At Komarov, near Ostrov in the governorship of Lomza, a Jew was hung. At Malkine six Jews were shot without trial, one of whom, Leizar Kaczar, was aged 70 years; and in the same town Jewish girls were violated. At Dobre near Minsk-Mazovieck, the soldiers shot a Jewess because she would not open the door to them. At Skrudno the Jew Platkovski was shot without trial. In the environs of Sokolov, in the villages and on the roads nearly twenty Jews were massacred. At Boim near Kaluczin sixteen Jews who were entering the town, were shot and had to dig their own graves before death; a seventeenth Jew was killed by having his brains shattered by the butt of a rifle. In the neighboring village of Mikussy, three Jews received a similar fate. At Rozan nearly thirty Jews were killed. The others were tortured by being thrown into an ice-house after having had their clothes torn off. Even at Vysokie-Mazovieckie, where the Jewish army detachment had chased away the Bolsheviki, losing eleven men, the members of the detachment, who had escaped after having been taken prisoners by the Bolsheviki, were struck and tortured.

In all the above mentioned localities, more or less plundering took place. All that has been enumerated does not exhaust the list of the crimes committed against the Jews, owing to the fact that exact information cannot be obtained from the various localities of the country, above all, from the district of Lublin where the troops of Petlura and detachments of Balakhovich played great havoc. For the present we know that at Zamosc and Novy-Posad the Jews were robbed, a number of women violated, and a Jewess who defended herself had the fingers of her hand cut off before being violated. At Vlodava Jews were buried alive. . . .

There is no doubt that these horrors were largely caused by the cleverly propagated story of Jewish treachery. To give the appearance of truth to these insinuations, hundreds of Jews were arrested. Jewish refugees, returning to their country, are arrested and detained in prison accused of treachery. Among the soldiers fleeing from the Bolsheviki, all Jewish soldiers were arrested, cast into prison, and accused of treason. Several Jews, such as Mr. Grinspan at Siedlce, were tried by court martial and shot for high treason for having occupied positions as ordinary paid officials during the few days of Bolshevik occupation, although during the Austrian and German occupation both Poles and Jews did the same. No attempt was made to determine whether some of these cases could be tried by court martial, according to Article 1 of the Decree of National Defense, July 30, 1920—which decree was not published in the Official Gazette until August 9. At the same time their colleagues in the Bolshevik offices, the Christians, even the volunteer Bolshevik commissaires, who remained on the spot were left free and several of them have already obtained certificates stating that the respective authorities considered their service with the Bolsheviki as an "act of civic duty," their aim having been to disorganize the power of the Soviets in Poland. At Plock the Tribunal condemned Rabbi Szapiro to death. This man, though entirely ignorant of politics, was accused of having directed the movements of the Bolshevik troops. No hearing was given to witnesses in his defense, a Jewish and a Christian woman who did not bear out the accusations against him. . . .

However, Jewish circles are not in a position to prove that all these accusations are groundless, as the Jewish press is gagged by the censorship. While the Polish press publishes trumped-up correspondence on Jewish treason at Plock and Bialystok and incites the population against the Jews, the Jews have no means of defense. The Jewish press is even persecuted for having reproduced an article appearing in the Polish paper *Narod* regarding the incidents at Jablonna. Thus are untruths spread abroad with impunity and truth hidden. In consequence the Polish people are encouraged in their hatred of the Jews and the latter are placed outside the law. All the crimes and cases of abuse or ill use mentioned above were duly communicated to the ministers interested, together with proofs which we again inclose herewith.

In view of the above, the undersigned propose:

That the High Legislative Assembly constitute a parliamentary commission of inquiry with the participation of the delegates of the Jewish deputies, the object of said commission being to throw light on all the incidents and crimes herein mentioned. The High Assembly will have to decide that all persons guilty of having given orders contrary to law, of having published false communiques, and committed crimes, be prosecuted.

Signed by: DEPUTIES GRUENBAUM, FARBSTEIN, HARTGLASS, etc.

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The Fastov Pogrom

THE following account of pogroms committed by the soldiers of General Denikin was written by a professor in the Jewish school of Fastov and sent by him as a report to the Petrograd Museum of the Revolution. The translation printed below was made from the original manuscript in the files of the Museum.

Before beginning my recital of the pogroms made by the Denikinists I believe it necessary to give a short introduction. Fastov was a rich commercial Mestichka with a population of 15,000, besides several thousand refugees from other cities who had been driven to Fastov by bandits. Banks, factories, libraries, cooperatives, apothecaries, schools, physicians, theaters, and a Jewish agricultural colony where there still were in existence several leather factories, made of Fastov one of the most highly civilized and cultured centers in our country. And now behold this little corner of Russia, like so many others, transformed in a few days into a veritable cemetery. It is terrible to walk down these empty streets with their ruined houses, windows broken, doors smashed, through which you can see the broken furniture inside, the whole interior wrecked. And this was all the more terrible because it all came so unexpectedly, since most of the Jews awaited Denikin with hope. Many Jews thought they were going to have again the right of private property and opportunity to carry on commerce freely, in short all the advantages of a bourgeois republic.

From the first moment of sojourn of the Denikinists commenced wholesale robbery, which continued for almost two weeks uninterruptedly. And in every house, no matter who inhabited it, every day there came Cossacks, robbing and plundering and murdering and raping. I am speaking of the second time the Cossacks occupied the town. The first time they contented themselves with robbery without massacre or rape. After two weeks in the town they had, however, to cede the Mestichka to the Bolsheviki for a day. (The Denikinists entered the town at the end of August.) The Bolsheviki entered Sunday and left Monday afternoon. And from this time on began the massacres and terrible crimes of the Denikinists. A story was invented that a young Jewish girl had brought in the Bolsheviki and that the population had received them with flowers and songs. This was an absolute lie.

After the departure of the Bolsheviki the Cossacks came back and then began the torture of the Jews, terrible attacks, robbery, and massacres. In many houses they made the children sing while they beat the parents to death. During the whole period of the massacres the rattle of machine guns could be heard from across the creek which runs near the town, for the fighting between the two armies was not far away. Even the Christian population cannot remember without shuddering those long nights filled with the cries of women and the whimpering of children and the sound of gunfire.

In the streets there were many corpses which nobody dared bury or even take into the houses away from desecration by scavenging pigs and dogs. The Cossacks shot down everybody who tried to go out and take up the bodies. People hid themselves in cellars and stables, without food or water, for as much as five days. Finally even the Jews who had taken refuge in the cellars, garrets, and stables of Christians were chased out, because the Cossacks threatened to shoot anyone hiding a Jew.

Very soon it became plain that the Cossacks, though going about in small groups of three or four, were really acting according to a well-conceived plan. A group of Cossacks would break into a Jewish house and cry: "Money." If they had already been preceded by some other Cossacks, who had taken all the money in the house, then this group of Cossacks would call for the head of the family, put a noose around his neck, and half strangle him. If any of the family now began to cry or ask that the torture cease, the Cossacks beat him or her nearly to death. Naturally the family would give everything it possessed, even to the last kopek. If, however, there was no money, the Cossacks loosened the noose and the unhappy wretch fell half-dead to the ground. They brought him back to consciousness with the butt ends of their rifles and a bucket of cold water. The tortures then recommenced, and if the poor man could not give any money after the process had been repeated five or six times in vain, the Cossacks would take everything in the house of use to them, smash everything else, make the whole house uninhabitable by smashing doors, windows, stoves, and so forth, and then leave the family to the tender mercies of the next lot of Cossacks, who would come along, generally very soon, and repeat the terrible tortures. The men not too old were killed, and even the old men sometimes tortured to death. The women were not usually killed directly, but died of hunger, fright, and abuse. Of families of eleven there remain only three. Sometimes the Cossacks forced the parents to kill their own children. This was the case of Meyer Zabarock. If the parents refused, the Cossacks beat them, struck them with bayonets, dragged them about by the hair, and otherwise tortured them. If there were any young girls in the family, the Cossacks shut up the other members of the family in one room, which was then guarded by a soldier, and then violated the women, one after the other. The least protest brought down the most terrible consequences on the family. In some cases the Cossacks took the young girls out into the gardens or woods and after the most bestial humiliations finally murdered them. Many of the girls who survived received venereal infections caught from the Cossacks.

In the streets the Cossacks went up and down robbing whomever they met of shoes and clothes, despite the rain and cold weather, and without sparing women, children, or old men. To the tears and lamentations of people who had gone out of their minds with hunger and grief, the Cossacks only answered with the butt ends of their rifles and bayonets. I saw Cossacks throw typhus patients out of their beds, and onto the cold floor. The Cossacks meanwhile looked between the blankets and feather-beds for hidden money. They would then take everything from the sick people. They took the last piece of bread from even the poorest.

I know a young woman who was raped by a Cossack in the same room where her murdered father and husband were lying and while her little baby was crying in its crib. I have been told by people worthy of belief that they saw people forced to set fire to their own homes and then driven with rifle butts into the flames. The names of some of these families were Volkenstein, Volodarsky, Zaviroucha, Meisenberg, Bendarsky. I have seen people who dropped in the streets, dying of exhaustion brought on by hunger and exposure. When an attempt was made to move their bodies it was found that they had become frozen to the ground and could not be taken away without digging them out of the ice. Those that were not removed, remained as they were in the streets until they were devoured by pigs and dogs. I have seen children who died of hunger sucking at their dead mothers breasts, children whose flesh was rotting in the sight of all the world and whose bones were sticking out through the decaying, stinking flesh, which spread infection. I have seen a little child stretch out its hand for a bit of bread and then, when it had the bread in its hand, not be able to eat, but die of exhaustion. I have seen the bodies of citizens, respected by all the world for the honorable part they played in the town's life, lie unburied in the streets for weeks because means were not at hand to bury such a quantity of corpses. I have seen the sick in hospitals and homes deserted and uncared for, cold and starving, because the doctors and nurses were either dead or had fled from fright and fear of epidemics. And among these sick people remained the rotting dead, from which crawled white worms onto the limbs of the living. During the night through the windows smashed by the Cossacks came dogs and attacked the corpses.

I cannot repeat all the terrible things I saw during this

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period. For instance there is the case of a little baby that cries to be put on the toilet. Its mother has died the same morning after being violated and beaten by the Cossacks. Its father was killed by the Cossacks because he protested. In the same room lies a young girl dazed and indifferent, unwilling to help the child or move, thinking only that she will be with child soon and that she has been infected with a loathsome disease. The child finally has to lie in its own filth, too weak to get up, and rotting alive, dies amidst the crawling worms.

I have seen the following in the synagogue during Yom Kippur. The congregation was praying God for relief from the pogroms. Just at the moment when absolute silence reigned and the rabbi alone was audible, a crowd of Cossacks broke into the church crying: "Money, money." Naturally, it being the day of repentance, not a single Jew had brought with him any money, as this would have been a deadly sin. Even to touch money on a day like this would be a cardinal sin. This is explained to the Cossacks, and they are asked to wait till evening. But they refuse and then commences a terrible beating of all the Jews in the synagogue. At the same time another crowd of Cossacks breaks into the other entrance and into the women's side of the synagogue, in the balcony. The women, especially the young women, panic-stricken, throw themselves out of the balcony onto the lower floor of the auditorium and many break their arms and legs and ribs. Amidst cries of terror the Cossacks seize several young women and rape them.

During the holidays the Cossacks came frequently at evening into the synagogues and did the same things.

How many times I have seen Cossacks dragging young girls, often almost children, through the streets and into the empty houses.

What was the part played by the officers, the lower officers, and those in higher command? In the first place many officers took part in all these excesses. The higher officers did not take part personally, but they demanded bribes in return for promises of protection. But afterwards they did not keep their promises to protect. Some Jews invited officers to their homes and gave them everything, their whole fortunes, thinking thus to guard themselves and families from outrage. This helped very little, because when the officer was gone for a few days on service the family which had bought protection was treated very much the same way as those who had not.

A woman teacher, well known in the city, tells how she heard a colonel telling his officers and soldiers that "this sort of thing is not right, not because it is shameful in itself, but because our cause will be hurt in the eyes of Europe which is watching us." One of his aides answered: "But colonel, you say that now, but don't you remember what you told us at the front?" The colonel blushed, mounted his horse, and rode off without answering. I, myself, have talked with a lecturer, a member of the department for education of Denikin's forces, who told me quite frankly that continuously there had been conducted in Denikin's army a propaganda of pogroms.

After the second pogrom (the first was that of Petlura) had commenced, and the Cossacks had proceeded from simple robbery to rape and physical violence ending with murder, I went to the battalion commander, explained to him the situation with all its terrible possibilities, and begged him to make an end of the fearful business. At any rate, I said, the soldiers might take the money but stop the atrocities. He answered: "As an educated man I am against pogroms. But in the present instance I am powerless. I cannot make headway against such primitive forces. I cannot stop a tempest." And immediately to demonstrate that he wasn't a "pogromchik" he gave me an order forbidding absolutely all violence against peaceful citizens, whether Jews or Christians, and he let us print this order and post it all over. I then told him this order was not worth anything because it set no penalty for anyone who did not obey it. Thereupon he told me to go to the commandant of the brigade who alone could undertake sterner measures. When I went to the brigade commandant, after my first few words, he interrupted me with the categoric statement that the severest measures had already been taken to suppress the disorders and that moreover orders had been given to send medicines and provisions and general supplies. Nothing was left me but to leave. But the raping and violence went on with ten times greater fury.

I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many Denikinists. They told me quite frankly that there were two groups in the army. One held that it was necessary to kill all the Jews in Russia in order to extinguish bolshevism, for bolshevism was based on the Jews. The others were of the same idea, but held it inexpedient to massacre all the Jews because of public opinion in Europe. They thought it better to kill off the adult supporters of the families and leave the rest to die off by starvation and disease. . . .

If you should ask me what the attitude of the peasants in this whole affair was, I should answer as follows: The peasants formerly harbored no enmity toward the Jews. There had never been any pogroms in Fastov before. In fact there had never even been any enmity of any kind between the Jews and the Christians, many of whom not only hid Jewish families during the pogrom, but actually gave these refugees everything they needed. It is true that there were certain incidents. For instance, the peasants took things they needed out of the abandoned Jewish houses. But this was not done because of hatred but because the things had been abandoned. The peasants would have done the same under similar circumstances in Christian homes. In fact they did just that in a number of Russian households. The general conclusion therefore must be that the peasant has not really any animosity toward the Jew.

In conclusion I wish merely to acknowledge the fact that the attitude of the Soviet authorities has been most correct and that the Soviet authorities have been most generous in the help they have given: the food, the medicines, and the money and means for the burial of the corpses.

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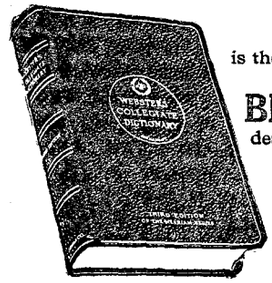

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The Flower of Puritanism

By CARL VAN DOREN

WHEN Hawthorne, seventy years ago, in "The Scarlet Letter"* gave the world the finest flower of three hundred years of American Puritanism, he passed quietly by the ordinary surfaces of life, not for lack of talent in portraying them, but for lack of interest in them. In thus being a Puritan to the extent that he rarely lifted his gaze from the human spirit in its sincerest hours, he was also a poet. During his long experimental stage as a writer of brief tales he had brooded over the confused spectacle of mankind, posing for himself one after another of the soul's problems and translating them into lucid forms of beauty; now he posed a larger problem on a larger scale. If his matter was at once that of the Puritan and that of the poet, so was his manner. The Puritan's parsimony in Hawthorne lies very close to the artist's passionate economy.

The impact which the story makes may be traced back of Hawthorne's art and personality to the old Puritan tradition which, much as he might disagree with it on occasion, he had none the less in his blood. Some ancestral strain accounts for this conception of adultery as an affair not of the civil order but of the immortal soul. The same strain in his constitution, moreover, makes of these circumstances more than the familiar triangle. A Frenchman might have painted the joy of Dimmesdale, the lover, with his forbidden mistress; an Italian might have traced the fierce course of Chillingsworth, the husband, to a justified revenge; a German might have exhibited Hester, the offending wife, as actually achieving an outer freedom to match that one within. Hawthorne transfers the action to a different plane. Let the persons in the triple conflict be involved as they may with one another, each of them stands essentially apart from the remaining two, because each is occupied with a still vaster conflict, with good and evil as the rival elements which continually tug at the poor human creature. Small wonder, then, that the flesh, to which the sin was superficially due, should go unsung; that the bliss of the senses should hardly once be attended to. After such fleeting pleasures comes the inexorable judgment, which is of the spirit not of the body. To the Puritan imagination, journeys begin, not end, in lovers meeting. The tragedy of Dimmesdale lies in his defeat by evil through the temptation of cowardice and hypocrisy, which are sins. Chillingsworth tragically, and sinfully, chooses evil when he decides to take a treacherous vengeance into his own hands, though vengeance, he knows, is another's. Hester alone emerges from her guilt through her public expiation and the long practice of virtue afterward.

So far "The Scarlet Letter" agrees with the doctrines of the Puritans. Its broader implications critically transcend them. In what dark slumber during these seven years has that Jehovah wrapped himself whom the elder Puritans invoked day and night about all their business, praying for the remission of sins through the merciful affection of his son? What prayers go up! Who counts upon the treasury of grace from which any sinner might hope to obtain salvation if his repentance were only sore enough? The theology which for seventeenth-century men was almost as real as religion itself had come to be for their profound descendant no more authoritative than some remote mythology except as it shadowed forth a cosmic and moral order which Hawthorne had himself observed. In one respect he seems sterner than the elder Puritans, for he admits into his narrative no hope of any providential intervention which might set these jangled bells again into accord. Dimmesdale will not encourage Hester to hope for a compensating future life even. The consequences of deeds live forever. At the same time, Hawthorne has drawn the action down from heaven's pavement, where Milton would have conducted it, to earth, and has humanized it to the extent that he centers it in human bosoms. The newest schools of psychology cannot object to a reading of sin which shows Dimmesdale and Chillingsworth as the victims of instincts and antipathies which fester because unnaturally repressed while Hester Prynne is cleansed through the discovery of her offense and grows healthier by her confession. All the Christian centuries have known the truth here represented.

But only certain of those centuries—and not the Puritan seventeenth—have been capable of viewing love as Hawthorne views it and unfolds its tragedy. To the actual contemporaries of Hester and Dimmesdale it would have seemed a blasphemy worse than adultery for the lovers to agree, in their meeting at the brookside, that "what we did had a consecration of its own." These are Hester's words, and so it was to Hester that eventually "it seemed a fouler offense committed by Roger Chillingsworth than any which has since been done him, that, in the time when her heart knew no better, he had persuaded her to fancy herself happy by his side." Hester thus becomes the type—subtly individualized but yet a type—of the moving principle of life which different societies in different ways may constrain but which in itself irresistibly endures. Her story is an allegory of the passion through which the race continues. She feels the ignominy which attends her own irregular behavior and accepts her fate as the reward of evil, but she does not understand it so far as to wish uncommitted the act which her society calls a sin. A harder woman might have become an active rebel; a softer woman might have sunk passively down into unavailing penitence. Hester stands erect, and thinks. She asked herself whether women as life was constituted could be happy. "As concerned her own individual existence, she had long ago decided in the negative, and dismissed the point as settled." Yet her mind, though dismissing her particular case as a malady without

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hope, still ranges the universe for some cure for the injustice her sex inherits. "The world's law was no law for her mind." In this manner those whom the world crushes always take their surest revenge. Hester finds no speculative answer; and so she turns to action, plays her necessary part, and gives herself to the nurture of her child, no less a mother than if approved by every human ordinance. A universal allegory of motherhood, her story is also a criticism of the Puritan attempt to bind life too tightly. In the midst of the drab circumstances of Salem this woman of such radiance of beauty and magnificence of life rises up and cracks the stiff frame of the time. Great as her own suffering is, she has in some measure contributed to let a little light into the general tragedy of her sex. "The Scarlet Letter" is not merely a Puritan story. A spirit larger than Puritanism, as large as the whole world's experience, informs and ripens the book.

Hester, who out of some trait of whimsy embroiders and illuminates the statutory label of her offense until it is a bright token of the "rich, voluptuous, Oriental" luxuriance of her nature, has a sister of somewhat similar stature in Zenobia, heroine of "The Blithedale Romance," in which she represents the fullest flood of life, fire and color, passion and experience. Both of these women, it must be noted, come into Hawthorne's New England from other regions; both to be gorgeous, he appears to think, had to be exotic. This may be taken as his tacit accusation that magnificence of personality did not ripen on that rock-bound coast. His imagination, however, could and did go out to find abundance and ripeness where they lived. A chapter appealing beyond almost anything in the history of American literature might be written upon the dreams of beauty and splendor which visited Hawthorne during the long years which he spent in the gray Salem of his birth and in his restless wanderings over the face of New England in the search for materials of romance.

It was a matter for serious speculation what would happen to Hawthorne when for the first time he left the Puritan and village atmosphere which was all he had known except in his imagination. A man of genius, already a classic, he had yet to encounter the arts on their native ground. Consistently provincial, he was also exquisitely sincere. What smaller men learn early Hawthorne learned late, but he gave himself without stealth or affectation to the task of mastering a new world, as observant, sensitive, and masculine in spirit as in his familiar native province—so much so that "The Marble Faun" is a sort of visitors' guidebook to Rome. And yet "The Marble Faun," though set in an environment so amply pagan and Catholic, is in some respects the most Puritan of all Hawthorne's romances. He who under the gray skies of New England had created Hester and Zenobia, when he came to a world in which they and their kind might have grown to their intended stature, seems to have turned partially back to an austerer code. Among the children of the Renaissance he missed that sense of sin which in his native province had been as regularly present as sea and hills. Genial as were the pagan survivals in this many-stranded city, cheerful as were the Roman Christians, light-hearted as were the artists, Hawthorne's imagination would not expand unreservedly. It asked itself what would happen if sin and conscience should invade these charming precincts. It invented a story, suggested to it by the Faun of Praxiteles, "on the idea of [the faun's] species having become intermingled with the human race: a family with the faun blood in them having prolonged itself from the classic era till our own day." At first struck chiefly by the fanciful possibilities of the theme, Hawthorne deepened it into another Paradise Lost—of a sort. Once more pagan than the Puritans, he was now more Puritan than the pagans. He would not let even Donatello play forever, but brings him down from his tower in the Apennines to this pleasant Rome, where through sin he estranges himself from his careless Eden and enters the human confraternity of guilt. Miriam, on whose behalf he sins, sins with him by not preventing him; and having in this fashion shared a sin they find themselves indissolubly married by its spiritual consequences, whatever their outer fortunes may be. An accidental witness of their sin, Hilda, whose conscience grew in New England, in another degree also acquires the responsibility, which tortures her until she rises above her Puritan prejudices to a universal mood and unburdens herself at the confessional which her own creed has disallowed. How many charms fly at the mere touch of the Puritan philosophy! Yet there is more than Puritanism in Hawthorne's prophecy that if Donatello had gone on as he was he would gradually have lost his generous youth and then have "become sensual, addicted to gross pleasures, heavy, unsympathetic, and indulated within the narrow limits of a surly selfishness." There is more than Puritanism, too, in the speculation of one of the other characters: "Is sin, then, . . . like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have reached?" This is almost as much as to wonder whether experience itself, evil as well as good, does not civilize us, as it civilized Donatello. Even where Hawthorne's language is the old language of sin and conscience, there lurk in his romances certain questions the answers to which conduct to the most spacious regions of morals and imagination.

In a world, he asked himself, where human instincts are continually at war with human laws, and where laws, once broken, pursue the offender even more fiercely than they hedged him before, how are any but the more docile spirits to hold their course without calamity? The Puritan Fathers to the same inquiry, which they asked hardly more frequently than Hawthorne, could point in answer to election and atonement and divine grace. Hawthorne had inherited the old questions but not the old answers. He did not free himself from the Puritan mode of believing that to break a law is to commit a sin, or that to commit a sin is to play havoc with the soul; but he changed the terms and considered the sin as a violation less of some supernatural law than of the natural integrity of the soul. Whereas another romancer by tracking the course of the instincts which lead to what is called sin might have sought to justify them as native to the offender and so inescapable, Hawthorne accepts sin without a question and studies the consequences. He brought to his representation of the theme sanity without cynicism and tenderness without softness; he brought also, what is rarer than depth of moralism, an art finely rounded, a rich, graceful style, a spirit sweet and wholesome. He found a substance apparently as unpromising as the original soil upon which the Pilgrims established their commonwealth, and no less than they with their stony province he tamed and civilized it—going beyond them, moreover, by lifting it into an enduring loveliness which at least in "The Scarlet Letter" has been enriched rather than diminished by seventy years.

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Tradition and Freedom

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WE are witnessing a new battle of the books. Well-armed champions take the field; armor gleams in the sunlight; now and then speeds a poisoned dart. To the natural man, who lives by his passions rather than by his reason, there is something agreeable even in this bloodless fray. The traditionalist who is busy rationalizing his emotional life is hopelessly engaged in it. The liberal, on the contrary, who is sworn to the service of reason, must recall with Bacon that "where there is so much controversy, there is many times little inquiry," and address himself steadily to the latter task.

The first object of such inquiry must be the character of the traditionalist himself. He is one in whom a set of aesthetic perceptions has become interwoven with ancestral pieties. Thus his opinions are, as Johnson put it, "so complicated with his natural affections that they cannot easily be disentangled from the heart." He loves the ivied wall, the studious cloister, the cadence of great verses heard in youth. His heart is tenacious and betrays him into believing only the familiar to be beautiful and only the customary to be true. He can sustain the harmony of his inner life only by vast exclusions. As the world grows more turbulent and surges nearer to his quiet threshold, he begins to fear for his inner security and becomes petulant and bitter. He is convinced that he stands for noble things. And subjectively he is quite right. Only, in the world of reality the noble traditions which he loves and guards have gone down to irrevocable defeat. Thus as a humanist he loves his country. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." By means of a poetic tradition he excludes from his consciousness the sordidness and tyranny of the state. At crucial historic moments he, like the great leaders of his caste, Gilbert Murray and Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, thinks not of economic facts but of Latin verses and Greek examples and succumbs to the shame of hatred and intolerance. He does not see that the restraints and conformities he councils by the light of his tradition are inextricable from the false idealisms of war and slavery amid which they arose, and that the variety and unbridled multiformity he holds to be barbarous have some small chance, at least, of giving mankind both liberty and peace. He fixes his vision upon a beautiful campus or a stately ceremonial and will not yield to the aching consciousness of slum and trench. He lives in an ideal realm of images and values where the disastrous cries of the world cannot reach him, and the speech of those who seek a contact with the wild totality of things sounds harsh and strident to his ear.

In every country he is, of course, an impassioned though decorous nationalist, eager to preserve the traditions that have shaped his people's spiritual life. In America he is hard put to it. The great voices in our brief national past are few and they do not speak on his side. Emerson understood his emotional basis and disposed of it in one sharp sentence: "Once you saw phoenixes; they are gone; the world is not therefore disenchanted." "The philosophy we want," Emerson continued, "is one of fluxions and mobility." Accordingly he declared that "the quality of the imagination is to flow and not to freeze," and that, above all, "the value of genius to us is in the veracity of its report." Nor did he spare our traditionalist in the sacred citadel of the personal life. "In this great society wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense." Is it not precisely this custom and gross sense that our contemporary traditionalist defends in the name of phoenixes that are gone? It is, assuredly, the spontaneous and liberating action that he dreads. Whitman, "sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over," will give him even smaller comfort. "He going with me leaves peace and routine behind him." Whitman's quest was the quest of naked reality "even in defeat, misconception, and imprisonment—for they too are great." At last the traditionalist turns to Mark Twain to meet an even ruder repudiation: "I think a man's first duty is to his honor. Not to his country and not to his party." And yet more cruelly: "Each person in the human race is honest in one of several ways, but no member of it is honest in all the ways required by—by what? By his own standard. Outside of that, as I look at it, there is no obligation upon him." Mark Twain, it is clear, had pierced the fallacy of selective sympathies, of living by exclusions, and had solved the problem of toleration by understanding that the truth of human action as found within the soul. It is the holding of moral absolutes, he declared, and their imposition on others that is the cause of every injustice and cruelty in the world. "Truth is good manners; manners are a fiction."

Our American traditionalist, as a matter of fact, though he is perfectly sincere, uses the names of Emerson and Whitman and Mark Twain in a slightly decorative fashion. His heart is elsewhere. It is with the Puritan tradition against which each of the three rebelled. It is with ancestral, not with insurgent voices. It is on the side of a spiritual frugality that has ended in meagerness, and of a moral code that has drained and enfeebled life. For it is not, one fears, of the heroic moment of Puritanism that he thinks, of the moment in history when Puritanism, too, was a force of liberation and revolt. That moment is embodied in the author of the "Areopagitica" and him our traditionalist in reality belittles and betrays. He appeals to the Pilgrim Fathers. And it is true that they came to find liberty for themselves. But the liberty they sought was indeed a selective ideal and included the liberty to burn witches and scourge Quakers. Bradford's name is an ominous one to which to appeal in the modern world. There were those, we are told in "New England's Memorial," who "pretended a great zeal for liberty of conscience, but endeavored to introduce such a liberty of will as would have proved prejudicial, if not destructive, to civil and church societies." And to these were added "many of that pernicious sect called Quakers, whose opinions are a composition of many errors." That has a curiously contemporary sound and flavor. It might have been written into the resolutions of defense committees or the promulgations of censors. Yet in his innermost mind our traditionalist clings to that spirit. He defends it and identifies it with the spirit of our national life. And, in a sense, it has unhappily become so. We live by Bradford rather than by Emerson and sedulously cultivate a civilization which Matthew Arnold called "the very lowest form of intelligential life which one can imagine as saving." It is our Puritan cities and countrysides that might well have wrung from him the cry: "Can any life be imagined more dismal, more hideous, more unenviable"? It is Arnold's perception that liberal American criticism shares; it is his task that we seek here to ac-

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complish. The world has changed; the philosophical background of our effort is not quite his. But our aim is his own, the aim of "of making human life, hampered by a past it has outgrown, natural and rational."

To accomplish this aim the American spirit must be liberated for a new contact with reality. The anterior assumptions of the Puritan tradition must be broken down. The light of a free criticism must be turned on values that no longer work. The creative spirit in literature and life arises invariably from an immediate relation to the undistorted nature of things. No traditionalist has ever founded a tradition, though he may, like Dante, sum one up. The home of human civilization is not in any given set of forms but in the mind itself. It is the undue hardening of particular forms that threatens recurrently to destroy it. "We want a ship in these billows we inhabit!" Emerson exclaims. "An angular, dogmatic house would be rent to chips and splinters." The house has been rent. Our conservative critics huddle in its damp chambers trying to mend the roof. They have, as always in such periods, the support of the official forces of society. Yet that very fact should give the nobler of them pause. When have the forces of the world ever befriended the forces of the spirit? Meanwhile the liberal critic pursues his task. Like the modern poet he seeks, as Arnold said of Goethe, "to interpret human life afresh and to supply a new spiritual basis for it." It is not an easy task in a slothful and intolerant world; it is hard that spirits caught in a web of their own emotions should join powers with whom they have in reality nothing in common, and cast the first stone.

Knut Hamsun

By ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

FOR the first time since 1916 the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded. The European press is unanimous in its approval of Knut Hamsun as the winner. What are his qualifications? As a historian, literary critic, philologist, or systematic philosopher he has no claim to recognition. He is one of the most unlettered men of letters who ever received a distinction of this kind. But his style is literally matchless. Norwegian though he is, he writes neither *landsmaal* nor pure Dano-Norwegian and his works have to be translated into Swedish before even the educated Swede can read them. His style is his own. It is questionable, also, whether he has ever written a paragraph upon a matter he has not experienced. He has done as much listening-in on the thoughts of men and the ways of nature as any sexagenarian now living. When in "Pan" he lifted his glass and drank to the health of the night, the mountain, and the sea, it was not a gesture but a confession. His scorn for treatises is not a pose, his worship of the "sounds of life" is not idolatory. Scholars have fought over his works in a futile attempt to determine whether he is a romanticist or a realist. To all such squabbling he says: "I don't see what they are after."

Knut Hamsun, ever impatient with the "compact majority" that Ibsen dramatized, has taken a lifelong interest in the disjointed minority. At least it seems so at first blush. But in truth he has observed the average run of men so closely and depicted so many oddities in them that have hitherto passed unnoticed and unsung that they seem to dwell apart, not as stars, but more nearly as clods. Nor have his studies in the natural world been less penetrating or fruitful. To our knowledge of life he has made contributions of unequivocal value. There is in him himself something of Goethe's Faust: "Zwar weiss er viel, doch möcht' er alles wissen." Having acquired wisdom of the rarest sort and having transmitted it to others in a novel style, Hamsun was entitled to the Nobel Prize "for the greatest work, in the world of letters, in the ideal sense."

Hamsun was born August 4, 1860, at Lom in Gudbrandsdal, about one hundred miles north of Christiania. That he is the son of Björnsterne Björnson is a statement that is made by scandalmongers in Norway without confirmation or refutal. It interests no one. His present name is of his own making. "Hamsund," which he has abbreviated into "Hamsun," is said to be the name of the estate on which he was born; his family name, Pedersen, he has dropped entirely; and he now spells his baptismal name Knut instead of Knud.

From the time he was taken to Lofoten in 1864 until the publication of "Hunger" in 1890, he tried his hand at almost every type of manual labor. In the early eighties he came to the United States with the idea of entering the Unitarian ministry. His failure was absolute. He returned to Norway, failed again, and again returned to this country in 1886. His life as a farm hand, street-car conductor, tramp, and lecturer in Chicago, the Dakotas, and Minnesota is an old story. On his second return to Norway—to die, he thought—he wrote his first book, "Intellectual Life in North America" (1889), in which he belabors the notion that the two gods of the United States are Mammon and Humbug. Since then he has dabbled a little in politics, journalism, and farming, but only a little. He lives at present at Larvik on the southern coast of Norway.

Outside of Scandinavia, he is best known in Russia and Germany. His "Hunger," "Pan," and "Victoria" have been translated into French. In England he is known only to an exceedingly small circle. When it was announced about a month ago that he would in all probability receive the Nobel Prize, the *Westminster Gazette* deplored the fact that he was so little read in England and referred to his "Pan" (1894) as though it were a work just from the press. Of his "Hunger" H. G. Wells says: "It is one of the greatest novels I have ever read."

Concerning his popularity in this country, Knut Hamsun said to me in May, 1917: "Why should I try to have my works read in the United States? I have received thousands of rubles in royalties from my 'Game of Life' (1896) in Russia alone and such large sums from the others in other countries that I have enough to live on." Asked about his latest work, he took a pencil about an inch long from his vest pocket, wrote down two titles, "Börn av Tiden" (Children of the Time) and "Segelfoss By" (The Town of Segelfoss), and then said: "But these works are too long for the Americans." His works are very long. "Vendt, the Monk," for example, a drama in rhyming verse, has eight acts and is about as long as "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" combined.

Gyldendal, Hamsun's Scandinavian publisher, is now bringing out a novel the title of which was withheld until it was definitely announced that Hamsun would receive the Nobel Prize. Then it was announced as "Konerne ved Vandposten" (The Women at the Well). It is heralded as "the greatest work in Northern literature." The Scandinavians not being given to unjustifiable praise, the world may anticipate a masterpiece.

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Books

Gallipoli

Gallipoli Diary. By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B. George H. Doran Company.

THE published records of the Gallipoli expedition show 28,200 killed, 11,254 missing, 78,095 wounded, and 96,683 sick in hospital (of whom thousands died). To these 214,232 human tragedies must be added unrecorded numbers of French military and British naval casualties: and the career of Sir Ian Hamilton together with his reputation. In the shadow of Gallipoli Sir Ian exists, brooding over a fate which to him is the supreme tragedy of the disaster. It seems an unjust fate. The Dardanelles Commission was rigidly judicial to him, and Masefield, Callwell, Nevinson almost charitable. But there is little comfort in such justice and less in the charity, when the facts known to Sir Ian acquit him. Sir Ian feels the inadequacy of this unique vindication, both for his present solace and for his future fame. "A man," he says, "has only one life on earth. The rest is silence." Dead, he must endure the risks of silence and the uncertainty of the atoning action of time. Alive, Sir Ian feels he owes to himself the duty of tempering that uncertainty. So he seeks the security which only a public vindication can give. "Whether God will approve of my actions," he writes, "at a moment when the destinies of hundreds of millions of human beings hung upon them, God alone knows. But before I go I want to have the verdict of my comrades of all ranks at the Dardanelles, and until they know the truth as it appeared to me at the time, how can they give that verdict?"

If the Dardanelles dead concern themselves with the truth as it appeared to Sir Ian, it is doubtless known to them; and their verdict is silence. Less than fifty officers survived to commemorate the fourth anniversary of their landing in Gallipoli. And survivors of lower ranks are precluded from giving a verdict by the cost of Sir Ian's published version of the truth. Yet the loyalty and devotion of the tribunal he selects he once tested and proved beyond reckoning. It comprises the maimed and excludes the blind. And he summons it to forego the luxury of forgetting, to sit forthwith in vindication upon him. For he has labored four years in anguish for justice sake. Four years has Sir Ian, the falsely accused, suffered Sir Ian, the cautious attorney. But the brief is at last written. He will endure no more: he will wait no longer: he will publish at once. "There are," he says, "fifty reasons against publishing, reasons which I know by heart. On the other side there are only three things to be said: (1) Though the bodies recovered from the tragedy have been stripped and laid out in the Morgue, no hand has yet dared to remove the masks from their faces. (2) I cannot destroy this diary. Before his death Cranmer thrust his own hand into the flames: 'his heart was found entire amidst the ashes.' (3) I will not leave my diary to be flung at posterity from behind the cover of my coffin. In case anyone wishes to challenge anything I have said, I must be above ground to give him satisfaction. Therefore I will publish and at once."

He publishes as a diary his elaborated notes and certain of the dispatches and memoranda considered by the Dardanelles Commission in its report. The diary doubtless contains nothing but the whole truth as it appears to Sir Ian. But a diarist is notoriously powerless before facts. Facts first select themselves and then selectively preserve only their defensive attributes. Certain facts flourished in Sir Ian's notes, and others in the fascinating dispatches which he wrote as Commander in Chief, while others again perished in the censorship he officially imposed. Every change in his circumstances and every criticism he encountered induced protective adjustments in his facts. And the evolution of the facts proceeded naturally, till only the fittest survived.

These have marshaled themselves in the Diary with consummate skill; and their cumulative force convinces Sir Ian of his blamelessness. The confusion of political purpose at Downing Street; the intrigues and chaos at Whitehall; the competition of the Western and Egyptian fronts for the available men and supplies; the jealousy, and the incompetence which controlled distribution; the lack of cooperation from Allies and associates; the shortage of men, guns, and airplanes; the failure of units at critical moments; the remoteness of the base; the forewarning of the Turk by the abortive naval attack; the inaccessible, impassable terrain; the impregnable defenses of the enemy; and every other extenuating fact—these have rightfully rallied to the defense of Sir Ian. In effect, they contend that he was set an almost impossible task in which he was "let down" by his superiors, colleagues, subordinates, and troops, as well as by the "High Gods . . . in a spirit of wanton mischief." And Sir Ian's mind, inspired by such contentions, creates an heroic Sir Ian, who, imperfectly armed and ill-supported, valiantly attempted the unachievable.

The Diary reveals the creative mechanism at work. On March 12, 1915, in the first ardor of surprise at the offer of the command, Sir Ian exclaims: "We have done this thing before, Lord Kitchener, we have run this sort of show before and you know without saying that I am most deeply grateful." On March 14, 1915, he starts his diary, for these reasons: "(1) There is nothing certain about war except that one side won't win. (2) The winner is asked no questions—the loser has to answer for everything. (3) Soldiers think of nothing so little as failure and yet . . . they ought to be prepared. Conclusion—In war, keep your own counsel, preferably in a notebook." He mentions this further precaution: "Also from the moment I took up the command I kept cables, letters, and copies . . . having been taught by Lord Roberts in my youth that nothing written to a Commander in Chief, or his Military Secretary, can be private if it has a bearing on the operations." In other words, he begins to plan for the fight by insuring his personal safety in the event of defeat.

Sir Ian dwells secure within the law. He has codified the teachings of Lord Roberts and other responsible authorities, and regulates his actions by them. His mind is filled with rules, numbered for convenient use on all occasions. He needs only to identify the occasion in order to apply its rule; action automatically follows. By this device, he commands confidently, promptly, and with inflexible decision. Thus, when the need for more men arises, he argues: "The boldest leaders, Bobs, White, Gordon, and Kitchener have always asked for more." He asks for more: "I have had to harden my heart against K.'s horror at being asked for more men." When the occasion evades classification, he cautiously "falls back on first principles"; he ponders "What is right?" Or he asks himself: "What would my friends on the Japanese General Staff say—or my quondam friends on the German General Staff?" These methods failing, the occasion waits until he feels: "The moment has now come for making up my mind. . . . After much heart-searching and head-scratching my mind has made itself up." Or until time pushes him from the known risks of impassivity into the unknown perils of action: "Time presses, the responsibility cannot be shirked, so I have cabled. . . . I have had to risk the fury of the Q. M. G. by telling him that the transports must be emptied and reloaded before we can land under fire."

He can securely apply his guiding rules only if his own position is clearly marked out with relation to his superiors: "I cannot," he lays down, "write to *Winston [Churchill]*—not on military business, least of all on naval business. I am fixed, I won't write to any public personage excepting only K." But this self-denying ordinance later irks him: "In truth I am torn in two about this; but I still feel it is wiser and better so; not only from the K. point of view but also from de Robeck's. He (de Robeck) might be quite glad I should write once to Winston on one subject, but he would never be sure I was not writing on others." Having defined his relations to those in London, he considers Maxwell in Egypt: "Maxwell and I are coequal allies; not a combine under a Boss. . . . The arrangement whereby

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I have to sponge on Maxwell for men is a detestable arrangement." Admiral de Robeck seeks his advice regarding a naval occasion of the Expedition, but Sir Ian refuses the hazard. "You know how we stand," he replies to the Admiral. "Do what is right from the naval point of view and as to what is right from that point of view I am no judge." He likewise defines the positions of his subordinates and then scrupulously respects their spheres. And in this manner he strives to perfect a system wherein he may feel secure among component units moving in predestined ways, obedient to law. Within his own orbit he spins busily. He writes his formal letters and makes his formal visits. "Worked like a nigger," he records, "going right through Nos. 15 and 16 Stationary Hospitals. . . . Went at it again and overhauled No. 2 Stationary Hospital. . . . The doctors praised me for inventing something new to say to each man."

He shuns all uncharted changes. He should do this, perhaps, but K. would not like it; or that, perhaps, but then Maxwell or Robeck or Gouraud would object; or something else, perhaps, but it would not be easy. Learning, just after he has left England, that the expedition has been denied "the usual 10 per cent margin of reserves to fill casualties," he soliloquizes: "This seems hard luck. Why should we not have our losses quickly replaced supposing that we do lose men? I doubt, though, if I should have been able to do very much even if I had known. To press K. would have been difficult. Like insisting on an extra half crown when you have just been given Fortunatus' purse." His only other source of reinforcements was the Ghurkas who were in Egypt. Maxwell commanded in Egypt. But "Maxwell will have a fit if I ask for them. Maxwell will fall down in a fit, I am sure." When the losses, which paralyzed his troops after the success of the landing, had secured for Sir Ian the Ghurkas he should have demanded, he comments: "Ever since yesterday I have cursed with special bitterness the lack of vision which leaves us without that 10 per cent margin which we could and should have had with us. The most fatal heresy in war is that battles can be won without heavy loss. . . . And the next most fatal heresy is to think that having won the battle, decimated troops can go on defeating their enemies without getting their 10 per cent renewed."

"It is," he later has occasion to confide, "not easy to know what to do. The very best we can do, it sometimes seems to me, is to keep quiet rather than add an iota to the anxieties of people staggering under a load of responsibilities and cares." So he does his very best to keep quiet while the campaign rushes from crisis to crisis and the rules fail him and premonitions usurp their authority: "My heart sank to see our mess tent still lit up at midnight. It might be good news but also it might not. Fortunately it was pleasant news." He feels the need of a vicarious sacrifice to Success. General Stopford has failed. Stopford shall go and in his place will come one who will inspire Sir Ian to victory. So he writes to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff: "I have just been through a horrible mental crisis quite different from the ordinary anxiety of the battlefield, where I usually see what I think to be my way and chance it. I refer to Freddie Stopford." Freddie goes; and Sir Ian writes to Lord Kitchener: "The only man I can think of who would really inspire me with full confidence in these emergencies, excursions, and alarms, would be Bruce Hamilton." This inspiration is denied Sir Ian; and a month later he is writing: "An ugly dream came to me last night. . . . The grip of a hand was still on my throat; the waters were closing over my head as I broke away and found myself wide awake. . . . For hours afterwards I was haunted by the thought that the Dardanelles were fatal; that something sinister was afoot—that all of us were foredoomed." On October 16, 1915, he was relieved of his command. On April 25, 1920, he completed the preface to his diary, and sat down fearfully to await the verdict.

The perfect commander has a dual function; he conducts the campaign and he symbolizes it. In victory, he shines with the glory of his men, and, absorbing the rewards, reflects the pride of his grateful country. In defeat, he serves as a national sacrifice, and descends into silence, from which he may rise again, a tragic figure sacred to the memory of the slain. Death alone can make a commander perfect in defeat. The Commander of the Gallipoli Expedition is not perfect. But he did the very best he could do; played the game according to his rules; he saw what he thought to be the way; and chanced it—as was done by all in the system. Sir Ian exposes the system he represents in its horrible imbecility. His Diary has changed the barrenness of disaster into a world service. As a member of the tribunal he selects, I vote for his acquittal.

WILLIAM J. M. A. MALONEY

Duccio and Giotto

The Story of Jesus. Pictures from Paintings by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Duccio, Ghirlandaio, and Barna da Siena. Selected and arranged by Ethel Nathalie Dana. Marshall Jones Company.

PRIMITIVE Italian art most of us have been taught to regard as a thin, rather dour stream trickling through muddy flats to emerge finally into the glad sunshine of the High Renaissance —a mighty fountain exhaling golden vapors and quiring antique beauty. Giotto and Duccio we have been told are important mainly as breakers of stone that the road might be smoother to the lordly tread of Titian and Raphael. But critics and writers upon aesthetics are insisting stubbornly nowadays that the technical development of naturalistic methods of expression during the centuries following the so-called Italian Primitives has not led to the creation of many works of art aesthetically more moving than those by certain Italian painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Recent criticism is not highly diverted by the spectacle of Giotto's contribution to the ever-swelling tide of naturalism that has in the course of time given us as its ultimate achievement a tolerable substitute for chromo-photography. No, it sees Giotto performing a higher function than painting objects to "look like" objects in reality. It does not interest itself primarily in Giotto as a precursor to other painters who carry on his realistic innovations into a fuller realism. Instead it has caught him up out of the floating historical rubbish in which he has been entangled, and has planted him squarely on his own feet as a great master whose reputation is firmly based on aesthetic principles independent of the mutations of time. He and others in his company rise before us tall and strong and gracious to call us back to the springs of art.

Not many books reproducing paintings of the early masters possess sufficient illustrative beauty to communicate to the reader the vital secret of primitive art. To modern superficial observation warped by an inexorable tradition of more realism, bloody realism with gristle, these "quaint old things" are too crude to express anything but a kind of naive religious devotion. The poor illustrations so often seen in histories of art are, of course, not wholly responsible for this attitude, but such a book as "The Story of Jesus" is one of the few that seem capable of fertilizing minds indifferent to or skeptical of the greatness of much Christian art. This book comprises a series of pictographs illustrating the Messianic story from the Annunciation to the Ascension. The bulk of the work is drawn from Duccio, Giotto, and Fra Angelico, although Gentile de Fabriano, Barna da Siena, and Ghirlandaio are represented by one painting each. There are forty reproductions all in full color, and their quality is exquisite—even to the gold, which appears as gold, not as spotted yellow. A finer gallery of color reproductions of the primitive masters would be very hard to find. The book is necessarily limited in scope because of its design, but even so it is a striking monument to the Golden Age of Christian Iconography.

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Fra Angelico's one great masterpiece, the Cortona Annunciation, is given the initial place in the volume. The bland sweetness of Angelico's work, juxtaposed here and there in the pages that follow against the stronger individualism of Duccio and Giotto, suffers violently. His bright colors are pleasing, but his compositions lack the dramatic quality of his rivals, and more conspicuously still their finer sense of rhythm in line, mass, and color. His figures have a tendency to sprawl aimlessly about in large areas of wasted space. The sense of order in art which should move the spectator as rhythm in music moves him, is seldom fully felt in Fra Angelico. Duccio is represented by nine fine examples. They plunge one immediately into the fiery heat of a personality. The mild adoration of Angelico is transformed here to a fierce mystic energy functioning in a world made up of more medieval forms. But it is a world balanced by intellect, controlled by steady nerves. There is none of the hysterical writhing, the violent wrenching apart of flesh and spirit such as El Greco exhibits in a later age. Duccio makes a disagreeable impression at first with his somber coloring, his hieratic bundling of grim-muzzled faces into a shower of gold aureoles. The restless, flesh-hating fanaticism that characterized the Byzantines still shadows these faces. The spirit of the divine wrath sniffs greedily for the aroma of frying souls, and one hears faintly from the dungeons of medieval Christianity the sullen baying of the Erinyes. But what a beautiful ordering of silhouettes in Duccio! In the Temptation on the Mount there is as lovely a pattern of contours seen against the sky as can be found in any master, ancient or modern. The weights are balanced delicately the one against the other. The verticals are thrust in just the right places to prevent too violent a swing of the significant lines. There is authentic painter's music here independent of the story. Who cares for the words to the score under the spell of such formal melody? The woman of Samaria is another fine arrangement of vertical lines and planes broken and balanced by curved lines and crowned withal by a beautiful disposition of red and orange tints. Every square inch of the space used is plastic and satisfying. Duccio never forgets that he is a painter concerned with matter independent of story and transcending it. His trick of posing Christ alone in opposition to a massed array of figures is shown characteristically in the Sending Forth of the Disciples and in The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Duccio's Christ, it will be observed, is a much more interesting person than Giotto's. He is a swarthy Oriental who takes his mission upon earth with a self-centered passion. Giotto's Jesus goes about gesturing appropriately like an actor in a play. He is serene, even a little sentimental. Duccio's disciples, too, have more individuality than Giotto's. As they stand cheek by jowl it is interesting to examine each of them in turn and to compare him with his neighbor. Perhaps his old men are, as a well-known critic suggests, the last descendants in an unbroken line of the Alexandrian philosophers. Granted the truth of the suggestion, they still arouse as physiognomies a more curious speculative twinkle in the mind than Giotto's. Duccia raised sacred story to a high plane of exalted feeling. He is often lovelier than Giotto, but he fails to liberate the life-enhancing energy that keeps Giotto alive. Painters in other times have found in Duccio a flame giving light but not heat. It is significant that Puvis de Chavannes turned back not to Duccio but to Giotto.

In Duccio was found all that the medieval mind required of a sacred narrator. He told the gospel story with delightful clarity and sympathetic understanding, but, true to the Byzantine tradition, his painted figures live in a world in which sin-polluted, shrinking man can neither move nor breathe. Giotto's interpretations appealed to a different temper. Mystical aloofness was as foreign to him as it was to Hogarth; and in the faces and the gestures of the people about him he saw fresh material for art the use of which in sacred story would imply no sacrilege. The contrast of his subject-matter with that of Duccio's in "The Story of Jesus" is illuminating. Giotto's people mingle with animals in a familiar work-a-day world, rubbing elbows with Jesus convinced of his divine humanity but not intensely awed by it; in fact they are not always cognizant of his presence and sometimes not particularly interested in him—like the fat servant in the Marriage at Cana who, unimpressed by a palpable miracle, guzzles his wine oblivious of all else. The fine reproductions in this book will interest the reader, first, in Giotto as a dramatic story teller. Compared with the Arena Chapel frescoes all versions of the sacred story that have appeared since seem beggarly. Giotto's mind has the rare power to strip a given representation to the barest, most laconic statement, and at the same time to fuse it into the most vital abstract rhythm of line and mass. The eye of the spectator moves instantly to a focal center where the painter has concentrated the chief interest of the story. The staging of this story is accomplished with such fine invention and with such a noble dignity of restraint, it sweeps the spectator with such swiftness to the high levels of great creative art, that he is scarcely aware of being borne upon the wings of genius. He feels that Giotto's staging of a story is the only simple satisfactory way of doing it—just as he, the spectator, would do it fortified by a few "lessons in art." The magic is wrought with such a minimum of mumbo-jumbo that the spectator accepts it much as a matter of course—and turns to admire the work of Alma-Tadema or Meissonier, both of whom he is sure he could never approach with a lifetime of study.

Let us examine for a moment the plate representing The Raising of Lazarus. As illustration it has a convincing realism at once fearfully disturbing and satisfying. Without mastery of naturalistic accuracy in drawing as we understand it today, without the scientific probings into the mysteries of human anatomy that came later in the Renaissance, without subtle modeling and chiaroscuro, Giotto awakens in us a sense of life and movement that sets us to wondering about the term "advancement in art." The Raising of Lazarus is vibrant with the sense of a terrible and wonderful happening, yet there is no violence of gesture. The mood of the moment is frozen to a kind of palsied hush. The figure in yellow who stands beside Lazarus turns away, mouth agape with horror and astonishment. A group in the background wheel as if to flee. A bolder figure peers intently, chin in hand, at the grisly visage of Lazarus. Jesus, who stands a little apart from those about Lazarus, is grimly concentrating all his powers upon the gruesome miracle. Propped up before him is Lazarus swathed in the habiliments of the grave; upon his cheek still lingers the pallor of death. One realizes all too vividly the stench of the charnel-house in the muffled faces of two of Lazarus's attendants. In this picture, as in all of Giotto's, the human participants in the drama are earnestly unaware of anything but the business in hand. Like Chaucer's pilgrims they have no consciousness of being observed. The artist disposes them according to the laws of order and rhythm, and they accept this disposition as people in real life accept the conditions of space and time. The Entry into Jerusalem which follows The Raising of Lazarus is a finer composition. It is keyed to a deep, trumpet-tongued color scheme as befits a triumphal procession. Joy shines from the faces of the populace as the dignified Jesus enters upon a humble ass. Surely a secular mood is plucking at Giotto's sleeve. The ass is actually smirking. And the crouching man who is spreading what appears to be a mantle in the path of Jesus, is not too engrossed to be unmindful of the ass's hoofs. The expression upon his face and the movement of his body indicate that he is half-fearful of being stepped upon. As humorous as the ass is the braying camel in The Wise Men Come to Jesus and the goat leaping out of his crate in Cleansing the Temple. Giotto's animals are not always funny, because they are inaccurately drawn. They are funny sometimes because Giotto forgets he is decorating a chapel.

The selections in "The Story of Jesus" exhibit Giotto as a superb master of illustrative pictographs, but they reveal him as something more than that. The charm of beautiful and harmonious color is present; flat masses of delicate tints em-

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phasize the form and impart an indescribable serenity and sweetness to the conception. In Giotto's tints are the floating nuances that occur frequently as lovely accidents in water color. He does not model in color, and there is no suggestion of impasto or of any effort to capture the quality of textures. Color is superimposed upon form and design and is only an embellishment of what interested him most. The large structural principles of design were Giotto's most passionate concern in painting. His line is always functional, always directed toward formal pattern and rhythm. His spaces are cunningly broken up into balanced shapes defined by contours that possess significant relations to each other. In other words, Giotto's paintings have formal significance, and without that they would be dead documents—interesting only to the antiquary since they embalm stories whose meaning for us the centuries have changed. After all, one does not care whether the people in The Entry into Jerusalem are participating in any particular historical event or not. The picture might represent the triumphal return of a victorious general to Rome. What matters it? What really matters is the sweetness of the unheard melody that breathes from an harmonious adjustment of line and form and color, as eloquent to a mind attuned as the orchestration of sounds in music. Giotto's forms evoke a more intense realization of life than we feel in ordinary moments, and lift into exalted consciousness emotions which the objects of life cannot arouse. These emotions are not in life nor in any painted illusion of objects. They may be touched into being only by a great artist's vision of life—life transmuted, recorded by rhythms that hint at mysteries deeper than the mind of any man.

GLEN MULLIN

The Rising Tide of Color

The Rising Tide of Color against White World-Supremacy. By Lothrop Stoddard, with an introduction by Madison Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. STODDARD'S book is one of the long series of publications devoted to the self-admiration of the white race, which begins with Gobineau and comes down to us through Chamberlain and, with increasingly passionate appeal, through Madison Grant to Mr. Stoddard. The newer books of this type try to bolster up their unscientific theories by an amateurish appeal to misunderstood discoveries relating to heredity and give in this manner a scientific guise to their dogmatic statements which misleads the public. For this reason the books must be characterized as vicious propaganda, and deserve an attention not warranted by any intrinsic merit in their learning or their logic.

The fundamental weakness of all books of this type, and eminently so of Mr. Stoddard's book, is a complete lack of understanding of the hereditary characteristics of a race as against the hereditary characteristics of a particular strain or line of descent. Each race is exceedingly variable in all its features, and we find in the white race, as well as in all other races, all grades of intellectual capacity from the imbecile to the man of high intellectual power. It is true that intellectual power is hereditary in the individual, and that the healthy, the physically and mentally developed individuals of a race, if they marry among themselves, are liable to have offspring of a similar excellence; but it is equally true that the inferior individuals in a race will also have inferior offspring. If, therefore, it were entirely a question of the eugenic development of humanity, then the aim of the eugenist would be to suppress not the gifted strains of other races, but rather the inferior strains of our own race. A selection of the intelligent, energetic, and highly endowed individuals from all over the world would not by any means leave the white race as the only survivors, but would leave an assembly of individuals who would probably represent all the different races of man now in existence.

It is, therefore, entirely inadmissible to speak of the hereditary traits of a race, as though one race were the sole possessor of desirable mental qualities. The hereditary characteristics of a race include the whole range of varying forms that belong to it and, for this reason, the hereditary characteristics of different races show very slight differences only. It is quite impossible to tell how much of the existing differences is due to hereditary and how much to social environment.

It is, of course, easy to excite popular prejudice by such statements as the following: "Now that Asia in the guise of Bolshevism with Semitic leadership and Chinese executioners is organizing an assault upon Western Europe, the new states—Slavic Alpine in race with little Nordic blood—may prove to be no frontier guards of Western Europe, but vanguards of Asia in Central Europe"—so Mr. Madison Grant in the introduction of the book. "The Rising Tide of Color" appears to the careful investigator nothing more than the formulation of an emotional prejudice which for years this writer has in vain tried to support, but which will not stand even the most superficial examination.

The discussion of the desires and ambitions of various races which Mr. Stoddard reviews may be true enough. The only question is what danger is implied, for instance, in China's and Japan's desire to be free of European domination or of India's wish to be free of the British incubus or of Africa's desire to get rid of European exploitation. It is true that economic changes of the greatest importance may be involved in these developments, but, so far as I can see, none of the authors who have treated of this problem have been able to show that the development of humanity will be retarded by the advance of other races, and by a diversification of the sources of cultural development which have contributed to the civilization of the last few centuries.

The unscientific basis of the author's argument appears clearly in the last chapter, The Crisis of the Ages. He says: "Every race is the result of ages of development which involves specialized capacities which make the race what it is and make it capable of creative achievement. These specialized capacities (which particularly mark the superior races) being relatively a recent development, are highly unstable. They are what the biologist calls 'recessive characteristics.' Hence, when a highly specialized stock interbreeds with a different stock, the newer, less stable specialized characteristics are bred out, the variation, no matter how great its potential value to human evolution, being irretrievably lost. This occurs even in the mating of two superior stocks, if these stocks are widely dissimilar in character. The valuable specializations of both breeds cancel out and the mixed offspring tend strongly to revert to generalized mediocrity." A statement like this can only be characterized as a fanciful distortion of theories. We may ask where are the pure races that look back on "ages of development." So far as we know, every modern race and nationality is of strongly mixed descent. Where is the proof of the development of specialized hereditary capacities? Where is the proof that such capacities, if they exist, are recessive? How can it be shown that such specialized characteristics in selected mating will be bred out? Not a single one of these statements can be accepted.

The whole basis of the theories developed in Mr. Stoddard's book is contradictory to the fundamental teachings of anthropology. An author who claims that "civilization is the body and the race is the soul," who considers civilization as the result of "the creative urge of a superior germplasm," who refuses to recognize that civilization is the outcome of historical conditions that act favorably on one race at one time, and unfavorably on other occasions, and whose own race consciousness, owing to the environment in which he has grown up, is high-strung, must be led to the abject fear of an equal development of all the members of mankind, without, however, being able to give any kind of convincing proof of the correctness of his theories.

FRANZ BOAS

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A Courageous Woman

Margot Asquith: An Autobiography. George H. Doran Company.

IN every autobiography there are two points of possible interest—the writer and the times. Which side is made the more important depends on the writer's tone of mind. Rousseau puts himself in the foreground, and no one reads his "Confessions" except to learn about that strange and attractive nature. Goethe speaks of his surroundings, his parents and lovers and friends, and gives us a picture of himself only as one moving among certain scenes and personalities in a time of peculiar interest. Mrs. Asquith's method is most like Goethe's, but she certainly contrives to impress upon us a vivid picture of herself all the same.

We are shown a girl developing from the nursery up to womanhood and middle age. She retains the marks of the same personality throughout. She is always "Margot." In spite of the extreme variety of her character, she is "all of a piece." From the first to the last, we see the same violent vitality, the same courage and high spirits, the same fascination for people of the most varied types, and the same open-hearted generosity. In one passage she puts down the four elements of greatness: fundamental humbleness (not to be confused with servility), freedom from self, intrepid courage (which generally goes with truth), and the power to love (which she thinks the rarest). It would be absurd to say that the writer of this autobiography possesses fundamental humbleness (meaning humility, I suppose), or that she possesses freedom from self. She is full of herself. But for her charm and other powers she would be condemned as insufferably conceited. She poses, she dramatizes herself, she plays the star part. To parody a passage from her favorite "Maud," which she got Tennyson to read to her, we may say of her pages, as the poet said of the rooks, "It is Margot, Margot, Margot, they are crying and calling." All that is true, and many reviewers have condemned the book in consequence. But what did they expect? Had they never heard of Margot before, or in what stuffy back-parlor were they bred? When Margot took to writing autobiography, she was likely to write about herself.

So, I suppose, we must give up humility and freedom from self among her possible claims to greatness. But intrepid courage ("which goes with truth") and the power to love remain, and these Mrs. Asquith has always possessed in splendid degree. Physical courage was born and bred in her. I can well believe she has never been afraid of any bodily danger in her life. Superior people sneer at this kind of courage. They say it is only due to good food and good health. Grant that bodily condition has much to do with it, still I maintain it is one of the most admirable and enviable gifts that nature and upbringing can bestow upon man or woman, and the "high-brows" who make light of it have perhaps never been in a position to know its value. From childhood up, we see Margot crawling about among the parapets and precipitous roofs of her Scottish castle home. We see her riding to hounds on any horse that came to hand, and in a scene when she rode an unknown horse rightly called "Havoc" we find the very height of physical courage, leading to disaster almost fatal. I know fox-hunting is a brutal sport. In my friend Masefield's excellent poem of Reynard, though the poet's sympathy is so equally balanced between the pursuers and pursued, my sympathy is all with the fox to the end. But still I know from experience that there is nothing in the way of sport that so tests the nerve and tries the courage of the nature. Mrs. Asquith tells us that riding was what she knew and cared most about. She dreamt of High Leicestershire. "Melton," she says, "opened a vista on my future of all that was fast, furious, and fashionable." Those were strong allurements, except that I think she can never have cared very much about fashion, though as to mere matters of dress, she was evidently more careful than about conventions; for, writing many years after, she seems always able to give exact particulars of any frock or other adornment she happened to be wearing upon any occasion. What man ever remembers his suit of twenty, thirty, forty years ago?

Then there was the power to love, the rarest of the four qualities, as she thinks. This power Mrs. Asquith has evidently possessed in full throughout her life. I believe that, added to courage, it is the real secret of her charm and influence. Many people have the fine capacity, but very few are inspired by moral and physical courage to express it with the open, warm-hearted frankness that we see in this book. I am not thinking mainly of the freedom with which she expressed her affection for men and lovers. Her critics in England, especially among the political opponents of her distinguished husband, hold up hands of holy horror and shed shell-shock tears over her early flirtations and amorous escapades—how she climbed the gates of the fashionable Square, at risk of her neck and reputation, to sit out with this man or that during or after a ball; how she and her favorite sister held little salons in their bedroom with assorted admirers, the sisters lying in bed, sweetly adorned and cushioned up; how one of her most admired admirers leapt into the house across the kitchen area, breaking a flower pot on the way, and bringing in three policemen, who naturally suspected burglary.

"Margot to the police (*with great dignity*): 'I suppose this is a practical joke?'

"Inspector (*coolly*): 'Not at all, madam, but it is only right to tell you a hansom-cabman informed us that, as he passed this house a few minutes ago, he saw a man jump into that window.'

"He walked away from me and, holding his lantern over the area, peered down and saw the broken flower-pot. I knew lying was more than useless and, as the truth had always served me well, I said, giving my father's servant, who looked sleepy, a heavy kick on the instep:

" 'That is quite true; a friend of mine did jump in at that window, about a quarter of an hour ago; but (*looking down with a sweet and modest smile*) he was not a burglar.' "

That "sweet and modest smile" is exquisite. The admirer rashly repeated the jump next night, while, after protests, she looked on "with delight" till she had to hide him again, this time from her father. What a "film" the whole story would make! But Mr. Asquith's political opponents are terribly shocked. The editor of one great Sunday paper, which struggles blindly and wretchedly to support Mr. Lloyd George in all his errors, was so shocked that he would not review the book beyond a long and lacrymose condemnation. I suppose he has never heard of Romeo and Juliet.

But, as I said, the most remarkable power to love is not shown only or chiefly in the case of "admirers." For her family Margot felt an affection very uncommon in families, who indeed will nearly always help and defend each other, but seldom with love. For her sister Laura, the love was passionate. The account of Laura's death in childbirth within a year of her marriage with Alfred Lyttelton, the great cricketer and one of the most beloved men in England among all classes and parties, will stand among the most touching passages in the literature of true affection. I suppose it was this power to love, even more than her wit and physical vitality, that attracted to Margot men of such various types, distinguished in such various lines of life. Men of such mark and of such differing powers as Lord Salisbury (the great one), Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone, Arthur Balfour, Henry James, Tennyson, Lord Morley, Dr. Jowett, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Asquith (strongest of all), all came under her peculiar spell and were counted among dear friends. Of course there were favors and distinctions. Arthur Balfour was certainly among the most favored, though he puzzled her with his aloof and detached manners. Her description of him is one of the shrewdest and truest in the book. Let us take a few sentences out of the nine or ten pages devoted to him:

"He was a self-indulgent man of simple tastes. For the aver-

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age person he was as puzzling to understand and as difficult to know as he was easy for me and many others to love." . . . "He was difficult to understand, because I was never sure that he needed me, and difficult to know intimately, because of his formidable detachment. The most that many of us could hope for was that he had a taste in us as one might have in clocks or china." . . . "Mr. Balfour was blessed or cursed at his birth, according to individual opinion, by two assets: charm and wits. The first he possessed to a greater degree than any man, except John Morley, that I have ever met. His social distinction, exquisite attention, intellectual tact, cool grace, and lovely bend of the head made him not only a flattering listener but an irresistible companion."

So the portrait runs on, and the darker shades are not omitted. John Morley has been always a true and, as we have seen, much beloved friend. But one of the truest, strangest, and wisest to be overcome by admiration for this vital woman was Benjamin Jowett, the great Master of Balliol College in Oxford. His letters to her and the conversations she reports are the most valuable things, intellectually, in the book, and often for human interest as well. The story of her attempt to question him about his one great passion (if we may speak of passion in such a man!) is almost too well known:

"I did not like to tell him that since our visit to Florence Nightingale, I had heard that he had wanted to marry her, so I said:

"'Yes, I have been told that you were in love once.'

"Jowett: 'Only once?'

"Margot: 'Yes.'

"Complete silence fell upon us after this. I broke it at last by saying:

"'What was your lady-love like, dear Master?'

"Jowett: 'Violent—very violent.'"

Which is the best and most exact description I have ever heard of that dear "Lady of the Lamp" over whom so much sentimental gush has been poured. But personally I like best a short conversation after long silence, during which the Master had been insensible of her presence, as was his way:

"Margot: 'Really, Master, there is very little excuse for your silence! Surely you have something to say to me, something to tell me; you have had an experience since we talked to each other that I have never had; you have been near Death.'

"Jowett (*not in any way put out*): 'I felt no rapture, no bliss. (*Suddenly looking at me and taking my hand*) My dear child, you must believe in God in spite of what the clergy tell you.'"

Yes, that was the man indeed. Equally characteristic is a slightly earlier letter in which he discusses her character and actions under the pretence that he did not know who she was:

"She is very sincere and extremely clever; indeed, her cleverness almost amounts to genius. She might be a distinguished authoress if she would—but she wastes her time and her gifts scampering about the world and going from one country house to another in a manner not pleasant to look back upon and still less pleasant to think of twenty years hence, when youth will have made itself wings and fled away. . . . She has made a great position, though slippery and dangerous; will she not add to this a noble and simple life which can alone give a true value to it? . . . It is a hard thing to be in the world but not of it; to be outwardly much like other people and yet to be cherishing an ideal which extends over the whole of life and beyond; to have a natural love for everyone, especially for the poor; to get rid, not of wit or good-humour, but of frivolity and excitement; to live selfless according to the Will of God and not after the fashions and opinions of men and women."

Those sentences in themselves are a criticism on all that is weak and shallow in a book so full of spirit, vitality, and generous affection. They are the exact criticism upon the kind of world in which Mrs. Asquith has continually moved, and of which this book of hers will remain as a record. It was in the main a frivolous, pleasure-seeking, uninspiring kind of world, full of the sensual temptations, not so much of passion as of comfort and bodily well-being. But to some extent, as we see here, it was redeemed from swinish lethargy by a healthy courage of body, and occasionally, though very rarely, of mind; by some intellectual culture and refinement, however small and dilettante; by real tolerance in all important matters, though it was madly intolerant in trifles; by a real generosity and freedom among friends; and by a sweetness of manner only gained by habitual ease. On the whole I look back upon the picture of that society with a certain regret, for it had its peculiar charm, and it is gone forever.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Reconstruction in Philosophy

Reconstruction in Philosophy. By John Dewey. Henry Holt and Company.

IT is not many years since the philosophic world was engaged in a great struggle over the new movement commonly known as pragmatism. The reverberations of this conflict were felt far beyond academic walls, even in the market-place, so that pragmatism is now a familiar word, though its meaning is limited to a vague connotation of practicality. Just what it was all about has never been any too clear. John Dewey's latest volume, containing a series of eight lectures delivered at the Imperial University in Tokio, is an untechnical presentation of pragmatic doctrine in its historical and social bearings, and the simplicity and penetration of the statement gives to this little book an importance considerably out of proportion to its size. Although the name pragmatism scarcely occurs on its pages, the book is the most comprehensive and enlightening pragmatic document that has yet appeared.

Even a casual perusal reveals two outstanding traits that commend the book to the reader. One is the spirit of philosophic detachment which keeps the discussion on a plane above the battle of systems and schools of thought; the other is the wide perspective that is opened up. The author first traces the social conditions from which philosophy was historically developed. Primitive man naturally and inevitably built for himself a world of fancy, on the basis, not of critical inquiry, but of emotional congruity. In the course of time this imaginative construction became a social heritage, with which social, moral, and religious beliefs became intimately bound up. Side by side with this world of dramatized values there grew up a body of knowledge connected with industries, arts, and crafts. Eventually this knowledge and the experimental temper of mind engendered by it came into conflict with traditional doctrine. "In Plato's pages we find, because of Plato's adequate dramatic sense, a lively depicting of the impact in particular men of the conflict between tradition and the new claims of purely intellectual knowledge. The conservative is shocked beyond measure at the idea of teaching the military art by abstract rules, by science. One does not just fight, one fights for one's country. Abstract science cannot convey love and loyalty, nor can it be a substitute, even upon the more technical side, for those ways and means of fighting in which devotion to the country has been traditionally embodied."

It is in this kind of conflict that philosophy takes its origin. The old beliefs were being undermined; they must be based on the reason of things, since they could no longer rest on custom and political authority. What was needed was a method of rational investigation and proof which, while purifying tradition, would preserve its moral and social values unimpaired. Metaphysics thus became a substitute for custom as the source and guarantor of higher moral and social values. A similar development took place in Germany, in the early nineteenth century, "where Hegel assumed the task of justifying, in the name of rational idealism, the doctrines and institutions which were menaced by the new spirit of science and popular government."

Historically, then, philosophy is essentially conservative, its mission being to protect the moral values embedded in the tra-

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ditional beliefs of the past. Since this task made it necessary to prune away unessentials, the undertaking was naturally viewed with suspicion by the average citizen; yet, on the whole, the conservative attitude of philosophy is unmistakable. But, unfortunately, conditions did not permit philosophy to employ the procedure of science in the performance of its task. In the first place, empirical knowledge was too little developed to throw into relief the method of intelligence, and, secondly, it was too closely associated with things pertaining to manual labor to win recognition. Intelligence, as cultivated by the leisure class, was regarded, not as a name for the method by which men create new ends and secure the means for the realization of ends, but as pure contemplation or apprehension, quite uncontaminated by human needs. In other words, the goal of intelligence was conceived to be, not the progressive reorganizing of experience so as to liberate the activities of the individual, but rather the laying hold of a superior reality, dwelling serenely beyond the mutations of circumstance. The chief problem of philosophy, consequently, was to ascertain the nature of "reality" as distinct from "appearance." The turn in this direction did incalculable harm, for it fastened upon the thinking of successive centuries the notion of final ends or causes, not only in moral and social matters, but also in the sciences, during their early development. Tradition was justified, not because of its significance and value in terms of human experience, but in terms of conformity to this superior reality. Life was bound down by this demand for conformity. And it is precisely to secure liberation that a reconstruction is needed, so that philosophy may perform its proper function. "That which may be pretentiously unreal when it is formulated in metaphysical distinctions becomes intensely significant when connected with the drama of the struggle of social beliefs and ideals. Philosophy which surrenders its somewhat barren monopoly of dealings with Ultimate and Absolute Reality will find a compensation in enlightening the moral forces which move mankind and in contributing to the aspirations of men to attain to a more ordered and intelligent happiness."

From this standpoint the history of intellectual development becomes a record of the struggle to escape from this bondage of the past. The sciences led the way. Final causes were banished to make room for mechanistic conceptions, with the result that nature came to be regarded more and more as plastic to human ends. The whole outlook underwent a change. In the sciences there is now scope for change and progress without ascertainable limit; new problems, new methods, new aims spring up by the way, and old truths become modified in the light of new discoveries. The whole process moves, so to speak, by the power of its own dynamics and in accordance with principles and aims that are developed from within itself. The guiding principles have no claim to immunity from criticism and modification; they have the status, not of final and immutable truths, but of tools or means by which the analysis of new situations is facilitated. In their own way the sciences furnish a picture of what is meant by liberated experience in general. The test of growth or discovery is more growth, more discovery. This is the deeper significance of Bacon's emphasis upon discovery and of his protest against useless knowledge, which men cultivated, not, as he says, "to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men, but as if they sought in knowledge a couch whereon to rest a searching and wandering spirit."

This movement in the direction of liberation, as exemplified in the sciences, and also in the Renaissance and the Reformation, finds a certain expression in philosophy, but here the movement was largely neutralized because of the attempt to continue the philosophic tradition of an absolute reality. The conception of the world as the embodiment of a fixed and comprehensive Mind or Reason was continued, with the result that the emphasis upon the individual lost itself in speculation how knowledge was possible. "Idealism ceased to be metaphysical and cosmic, in order to become epistemological and personal." Perhaps the loss of this opportunity, on the part of philosophy, was inevitable; at all events, if this opportunity could have been utilized, the liberation achieved in the natural sciences might have been paralleled in moral and social affairs. As it is, we are as yet far from the realization that "growth itself is the only moral 'end.'" Ideals are still cultivated extensively in abstraction from concrete affairs, so as to create the temptation, in emergencies, to secure formal or outward conformity to the demands of the ideal and at the same time satisfy the baser passions. "The peace settlement is loudly proclaimed in the name of ideals that stir man's deepest emotions, but with the most realistic attention to details of economic advantage distributed in proportion to physical power to create future disturbances." Intelligence must be restored to its rightful place as an agency for realizing the aspirations of men through contact and understanding. "When the emotional force, the mystic force, one might say, of communication, of the miracle of shared life and shared experience is spontaneously felt, the hardness and crudeness of contemporary life will be bathed in the light that never was on land or sea."

The book is a masterpiece. It formulates and applies, with splendid insight, an outlook upon life that represents one of the potent social forces of the present time. It is itself a reconstruction in philosophy, and it is a powerful plea to philosophy to forsake its sterile practices and become in a significant sense a guide of life.

B. H. Bode

Making Shakespeare Presentable

Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving. By George C. D. Odell. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols.

STUDENTS should be grateful to Professor Odell for the painstaking manner in which he has traced the fate of Shakespeare on the English stage from the Restoration to the threshold of the present. He has made a clean sweep of all the available printed literature on the subject, turning plays inside out for evidence as to theater detail, and combing pamphlets containing the barest reference to manners of presentation. It was a stupendous task—and he has left the minute student no room for further work than to supplement or amplify him. The first volume contains the more original products of research; Mr. Odell has established a graphic picture of the Restoration, accounting in as satisfactory way as possible for the use of the apron stage, and tracing the evolution of the curtain from drops and screens, the slow progress of lighting, and the variations of inconsistency in dress. With an untiring devotion to Shakespeare, he has given no quarter to the yearly depredations made upon the original texts, from the days of Davenant; and in the chapters which divide his subject matter according to the dominant figures in the actor-manager world—like Betterton, Cibber, Garrick, Kemble, Phelps, Kean, Macready, and Irving—he makes careful analyses of the changes which have taken the Shakespearean stage productions in the past farther and farther away from the spirit and actual wording of Shakespeare himself.

Mr. Odell has attacked the subject with freshness and zest. His enthusiasm never seems to flag. His attention is acute, even when he is examining some text or a print which throws but the slightest light on entrances and exists, the inner stage, wings, or drops. With all the statistics so clearly arranged, one might draw the curve of Shakespeare presentation from the days of the Restoration to the time when, by degrees, the plays were restored to their own. But we have never been able to get away from the style and fashion set by Davenant and crystallized by Tate and Cibber. There are lines that still cling to the lips of actors which Shakespeare never wrote; there are transposings, changes of names, insertions from other plays, pageantry spectaculars to take the place of text. The Restoration treatment was merely one phase of the theater's attitude toward the dramas; our treatment is merely another. Viewing

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Mr. Odell's work as a whole, I should say that were a theme to be adduced from his multitudinous facts, it would be this: that despite the harm done to the texts of Shakespeare in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the patent houses of London came as near to creating a national theater as any other movement toward that end; that with the fall of those playhouses, in 1843, there came an encroachment of lower public taste more harmful than even the operatized versions of Shakespeare, the ballets and varieties sandwiched in between the acts of the plays during the Restoration time. I should say that Mr. Odell, though he does not state his doubt strongly, looks askance at the change in methods of acting from the classic to the naturalistic, and to this change he attributes, with some truth, the decline in Shakespearean acting. He has chosen to close his discussion with the Irving period, though he gives a glance into the new era; his book ends with the National Academy method of stage mounting—a richly oiled canvas in gilt frame—whose last exponent was Beerbohm Tree, and I am inclined to believe that his interest ends there too.

Admire his work as I do, I am convinced that had Mr. Odell been more thoroughly in sympathy with the new "unrest" in the theater, he would have seen more clearly certain points relating the past with the present. The actor-managers of the past were not so very different from those of the present in their efforts to make Shakespeare benefit as much as possible by whatever mechanical means were immediately at their disposal. The "gentlemen assassins" of Shakespeare had a point of view which the "gentlemen assassins" of Shakespeare of a later period discarded for something of a different sort. As the Shakespeare stage decoration became more accurate, more archaeological, more ponderous, even though the text was restored to its original wording, there came a method of cutting, of transposing, which was just as confusing. The difference was that the operations were different. In the Restoration period, they cut and put into the cavities organs that did not belong to Shakespeare; in the period beginning with Kemble, they operated and changed the position of the organs of Shakespeare. Irving and Daly—especially Daly—mixed up all the songs of Shakespeare, so that in "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It" you were given lyrics which belonged to other plays. Each actor that came along had his special theory, but the motive for change was the same; the heavy scenery—which began with Kemble, attained its height with Charles Kean, and was brought to perfection with Irving—meant a sacrifice of text, so that the performance might be crowded within the time-limit of the theater.

We are experimenting today with Shakespeare just as they did in the Restoration period; and we have greater mechanical devices at our disposal. We now have brought the texts back to their original richness, thanks to Elliston, Phelps, Kean, and Irving, and to the later enthusiasm of Greet, Poel, and the Elizabethan Stage Society. Instead of having such invaluable recorders as Pepys, Steele, Addison, and Macready to detail the changes in the theater, we are self-consciously writing books on the "new spirit" which has entered it, and we are writing technical treatises on the philosophy of the new art; these take the place of the Diaries of old. It was one of the efforts of the Restoration period to reconcile change of scene with change of scenery, to get lights and shades on the stage, to do away with the overdressing of the roles, to decide what was the actual province of the curtain. Mr. Odell shows clearly that human nature as it affects the stage was the same in the past as it is today—displaying the actress who overdresses her part, the actor who prunes the text to throw himself more to the fore, the scene painter who, through eccentricity, draws attention to himself and away from the play, the manager who has the commercial point of view. With the coming of Garrick, and with the rehabilitation of Shakespeare, we began to have the actor's prompt book, the editions of the plays directly based on the texts found in the green-rooms of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. With the advent of the great actors of the later period, we find Oxberry and Cumberland, just as later still Forrest and Edwin Booth in America issued their special texts, and Irving in England worked on his edition, where cuts were shown without the actual removal of matter from the printed page. Mr. Odell does not attempt to discuss the conventions of acting, as William Winter does in his "Shakespeare on the Stage," and the variations in costume are not detailed with fulness. Had he done this, his book would have extended to three volumes.

The impossibility of doing justice in a short review to the extent of Mr. Odell's investigations becomes apparent from what has here been hinted at. He publishes his results at a time when everyone is concerned about just the phases of stagecraft unearthed by him. We are at this moment approaching Shakespeare from the angle of mood, and we are clothing him in garniture that best reflects that mood. The excellence of the Saxe-Meiningen Players in the handling of mass, when they visited London, in 1881, has been stated philosophically by Gordon Craig and has been handled practically by the later German reformers in the theater today, notably by Reinhardt. We are simplifying, breaking away from the scene detail which piled up from the time of Kemble. The Shakespeare actor wants to be freed of the incubus of too much scene, too much archaeology, just as Mrs. Siddons, when she reformed the dress of actresses, gave as her plea that the head and shoulders should be freed of the weight of contemporary bodices and coiffures. Mr. Odell chose to end his treatise at the moment when he might have caught the modern worker's practical interest. But I believe that he could have caught that interest—which shies at academic efficiency—if he had only emphasized more often than he does the similarity of the problems confronting the actor-managers of the past and the present. Mr. Odell is an upholder of the old method. Irving is his master—and we have no master now to take Irving's place. Tree runs a close second in favor. But we should have liked to hear a word as to the meaning of Gordon Craig's mask—which was the mask of Irving's face, not of the Greek convention or Maeterlinck's marionette. Instead of giving us such a word, Mr. Odell in a short epilogue treats Craig's contributions lightly and sneers at Granville Barker's methods of presentation. Nevertheless, his volumes will fascinate the reader who wants a solid setting for the later "revolt."

MONTROSE J. MOSES

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traverse familiar ground, they make the sparks fly as they go. The king may stay, for aught they care, as a useful ceremonial symbol of unity; the lords must go as useless encumbrances; and the House of Commons is utterly unfit to undertake any large public services.

Those Americans who have recently been learning from men of light and leading that the cure for our political diseases lies in adopting the English system of responsible government, will be shocked to hear that the said government is a dictatorship and the responsibility is a sham. The real government of England, the Webbs tell us, is to be found in private conferences among the ministers, their principal officials, and the representatives of the interests to be affected by any proposed legislative or administrative action. Democratic control over the government is an illusory thing, for the government is elected in the midst of uproar and proceeds to do a hundred things not discussed or decided in the campaign. The cabinet is a body of dictators tempered by dangers of popular explosions; the M. P. is a fly on the wheel of the bureaucracy; and political parties confuse rather than clarify the issues.

The second part of the volume deals with the national structure that is to be set up in the socialist commonwealth. The lords are to be swept away and there are to be two parliaments —one political and the other social. Both are to be elected by universal suffrage but the idea of a vocational or economic soviet is utterly rejected. The political parliament will be very much like the present House of Commons with "responsible" ministers, and to it will be assigned foreign affairs, the maintenance of order, justice, colonies, and defense. To the second assembly, the social parliament, is to be given control over all social and economic matters vested in the state; it is to collect taxes, direct nationalized industries, and carry on technical administration through special committees. These assemblies are not to be two houses of the same parliament but separate organisms. They are to be balanced against each other, thus helping to safeguard individual liberty, and law courts are to decide when either of the parliaments has exceeded its powers.

In all this is to be seen the influences of many schools: old fashioned liberals who fear the state (and with reason), syndicalists, guild socialists, and disillusioned democrats. The philosophers of the new order looking upon the board of aldermen, the state legislature, or the national parliament, pronounce it stupid, inefficient, and not worthy to be intrusted with the management of a flock of chickens. Behold, they exclaim, we will not give it any economic responsibilities. Lenin says, with Cromwell, "Take the bauble away"; but liberals cannot be so ruthless. They must have their parliament for "political" and "ethical" functions; the real business is to go to another assembly empowered to deal with purely economic matters. Thus politics and economics are to be cleansed, put asunder, and all will be well in the New Jerusalem. To the present reviewer this seems pure and unadulterated innocence. The idea that foreign affairs, the maintenance of order, the administration of justice, colonies, and defense can be separated from economics seems utterly chimerical. The state is not and never has been purely "political"—whatever that may mean. It originated in economics and has gone into economic matters just to the extent which the classes dominating it have desired—no more and no less. Moreover, the idea that there would be no "politics" in an economic assembly seems equally unwarranted. Is there no politics in the American Federation of Labor or in the Central Federated Union of New York City? Who will dare to answer in the affirmative? Suppose there were an economic parliament and a political parliament with a court holding the balance between them, how long would it be before a contest would arise? Which assembly would dominate—the one dwelling in the windy realm of purified politics or the one possessing the real goods? Who would appoint the judges of the court? To the present reviewer one or two things seem clear. Wherever two or three are gathered together there is politics. A parliament made up of mere agents of guilds would burst any nation asunder. The hope of the future lies not in tinkering up assemblies but in the development of the ideal and technique of public service.

It is just this point which is fully treated in the third, and most important, part of the Webbs's book. The authors propose to administer nationalized interests through special committees of the social parliament—one committee for each. The administrative work, as such, is to be directed by boards representing the heads of administration, various vocations, and consumers in general; down the scale in the hierarchy are to be district councils and shop committees operating on principles of collective bargaining, vocational self-government, and accepted labor standards. The local government is to be reorganized; areas are to correspond to functions; the community spirit is to be encouraged; and the federation and emulation of local bodies are to be fostered. Voluntary cooperative agencies are to function in the new order very much as at present; but trade unions are to shift from a class-war basis to a new foundation. They are to be devoted to the elevation of the vocational status, the elaboration of vocational technique, the development of vocational ethics, the training of members, and the perfection of the science and art of the services. This part of the volume is real, stimulating, suggestive. Every page is illuminated by flashes that shoot to the bottom of the complex administrative technique which is to be the very foundation of the great society—if it is to endure at all. It is here that the Webbs have laid all students of government under a great debt. They do not speculate, but with clear eyes face the terrible tangle of realities that must make up any order new or old. It is their willingness to do this that distinguishes the Webbs from the whole army of socialist thinkers who when confronted with the question "How will you do it?" drop their hands with weary indignation and reply "The guilds will do it" or "The dictatorship of the proletariat will do it" or "The soviet will display the necessary wisdom." The Webbs have really written a big book. If they could spend the next twenty-five years in agricultural economics, they would render a service almost immeasurable.

CHARLES A. BEARD

A New Epoch in English Historiography

Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediaeval England, Vols. I and II. By T. F. Tout. Longman's, Green and Company.

THIS is the most important contribution to the study of English history that has been made in many a year. At every point it breaks new ground; and at every point it shows an amplitude of knowledge and a depth of research which put Professor Tout among the most eminent scholars of this generation. Technical though its subject is, and limited though the field it surveys must necessarily be, it has about it a good deal of the spaciousness and high courage by which the work of Stubbs and Maitland was distinguished.

Something of what Mr. Tout has begun to do for us we can perhaps realize if we remember what the study of English constitutional history has so far been. If we take the great names, Hallam, Stubbs, Erskine, May, it is with the formal outlines of the constitution that they have mainly concerned themselves. The imposing aspects of the edifice—the Crown, Parliament, the Council—they have treated with an intimate understanding that makes at least their elements sufficiently known for adequate generalization. Upon more special problems, moreover, great studies have not been wanting. Madox's "History of the Exchequer" is a perpetual model to his singular patience and exacting accuracy. Mcthwain's "High Court of Parliament" is one of those fruitful volumes which, by its very novelty, beget important researches. Round's "Feudal England" is a fine example of how a careful attention to minute and intricate detail may cast much light upon the dim recesses of the half-known.

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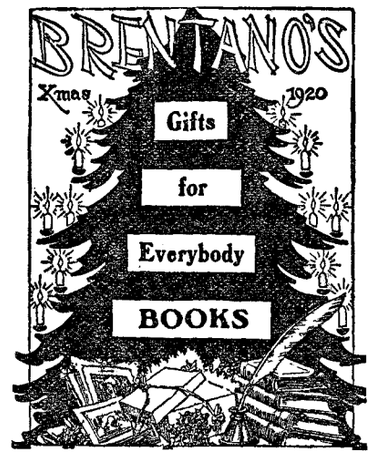

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But in the study of the English constitution there has been so far a strange neglect of its administrative side. We have still to learn how the great departments of state conduct their business; what, in a word, the minister really does when the last deputation has gone and the House is no longer sitting. The institutional history of England, in fact, is almost a sealed book; and the essential thing in Mr. Tout's work is that he has made, and made greatly, the first large step towards its opening. He has shown us the Crown in its most vital aspect—as the key to the English civil service. By tracing the minute differential of diplomatic instruments to their origin he has begun the reconstruction of the medieval royal household as the undifferentiated medium for which, in later evolution, the more complicated mechanism of the modern departments has grown. It is an arresting story; and it begins to make plain, to take an obvious example, why the long effort of Parliament to limit the royal prerogative was so frequently baffled. We begin to see that the real pivot of constitutional history is not the establishment of chancery or privy seal as fixed departments, but the separation of the ultimate reserve power from a migratory Court. When that came, with the development of the Privy Council under the Tudors, an elusive and shifting balance had become, relatively, fixed and determinate. The struggle against the Stuarts is really the struggle for the control of the power the scale of administration rendered it necessary for the Council to exert. The contest ended with the Revolution, and the Cabinet became the instrument whereby Parliament, in its classical period, controlled the prerogative for its own exaltation.

Mr. Tout, of course, is concerned with the early period of this history; but it is obvious that many of our later conceptions will have to be reorganized in the light of our teaching. France and Rome are, in his narrative, so much the parallels of English development that we shall clearly have to rewrite our history in comparative terms. That early parallelism, in its turn, will remind us of the influence of Venice upon the thought and practice of Tudors and Stuarts; and it is probable that in this source will be found the root of much that is now dim in the divergence between the theory and practice of English constitutionalism. Mr. Tout shows us that this centralization of the state in the King's household is at least as early as the reign of John; though its full organization dates from Edward I. Here, in the King's wardrobe, we see all the elements of a state department—treasurer, controller, cofferer, clerks, daily account book, special seal. And under Mr. Tout's guidance we learn to see that even the Exchequer is, at this time, little more than collector of revenue to the wardrobe. Administrative practice is the clue to constitutional progress. The wardrobe has a seal and that seal is the privy seal of the King. With that symbol it can equip armies and encroach upon the functions of Chancery and Exchequer. The privy seal, that is to say, makes the household of the King the pivot of the state; and we can then understand why, under Edward II, those who desired reform aimed at strengthening the Exchequer that the Wardrobe might be confined to household business. To strengthen the Exchequer which, comparatively speaking, worked in the light of day, was to narrow the impalpable power of the King by limiting his administrative control; and Mr. Tout shows us how the effort was made to use the King's secret seal for the old purpose and reconstruct his power through the Chamber. It is a fascinating narrative.

The work is to be continued in two more volumes in which the record will be continued until the revolution of 1399. There is no student of English history but will await them with eager impatience; for there Mr. Tout will be on ground hardly surveyed and he will have continuous novelty to offer us. Let it be added that few books have ever been written upon so technical a subject with an interest that is so continuous. If anyone desires to watch the intimate daily life of the medieval state he will find in these volumes a drama that is full of light and shade as a good romance.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A Pathological Movie

The World's Illusion. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harcourt, Brace and Howe. 2 vols.

THERE is no denying the dramatic force of this long, earnest, and disorderly story, with its large cast of characters, its bizarre coloring, and its flickering, jumpy movement as of some heroic moving-picture. It would hold the interest through all its 787 pages if there were nothing in it save its arresting procession of grotesque incidents, but there is something more, and that something is an ironical quality that suggests the manner of the great Russians. Wassermann, in other words, not only represents the life that he depicts brilliantly; he also criticizes it furiously. His whole attitude, indeed, is far more Slavic than Teutonic, though he writes in German and his home is in uncritical Vienna. What he has got from the latter-day Germans, notably Walther Hasenclever, is simply the structure of his tale—a structure that abandons all the architectonics of the old-time well-made novel and turns to the loose, horizontal, sprawling design of the moving-picture. But in attitude the whole thing belongs to the Bad Lands beyond the Vistula. Western civilization, as Wassermann sees it, is not merely diseased; it is itself a sort of disease. All his characters, high and low, are pathological cases. If they are not downright insane, then they are gnawed by unintelligible obsessions and floored by incomprehensible griefs. If they are not dying of maladies described by Osler, then their vital organs are breaking down under vague, transcendental, Ibsenish distempers, each a form of retribution.

Thus the chronicle, to an American, cannot carry much conviction despite its fine passion and its vivid detail. We are, despite our extravagances in politics, ethics, and religion, patrons of normalcy in literature. Since the day of Hawthorne and Poe the trend has been away from *héliogabalisme* and toward the realistic examination of familiar motives and ordinary lives. In "The World's Illusion" there is a wide swing in the other direction. It is never quite possible to relate Christian Wahnschaffe, the protagonist, to the acts and purposes of existence as any sane American understands them. In the days of his epicureanism, galloping about Europe in the company of grand dukes, stage stars, diplomats, international millionaires, and other such gaudy fauna, he seems a figure out of grand opera, and in the days of his ascetic reaction, buried in a Berlin slum with thieves, prostitutes, and murderers, he passes beyond comprehension altogether. Our Harry Thaws stop with the girls of the Follies, and so play no high jinks with ancient family trees; our sentimentalists live comfortably in steam-heated settlement-houses, and so give the police and their families no genuine concern. If Wahnschaffe ever becomes real at all, it is because of Wassermann's obvious and unlimited belief in his reality. His astounding doings are simply stated, not explained. One never really finds out, despite much discussion of it, why he renounces his position and his huge heritage, and takes to a dog's life with a dying street woman. And one never quite makes out why, after her death and the murder of the one decent woman that he has found in his wallow, he cuts off the last connection with the world that he has known, and disappears into the black depths of the human herd, penniless, friendless, and nameless.

All the other persons of the story are quite as fantastic. There is one who piles up millions on the Paris Bourse, and then goes bankrupt. As a result of his *débâcle* "eighteen hundred mechanics and shop-keepers lost all they had in the world, twenty-seven great firms went into bankruptcy, senators and deputies of the Republic were sucked down in the whirlpool, and under the attacks of the opposition the very administration shook." Another, though a cripple, makes his way to India, and becomes the intimate of eminent and unapproachable Brahmins. Yet another is the greatest opera singer in the

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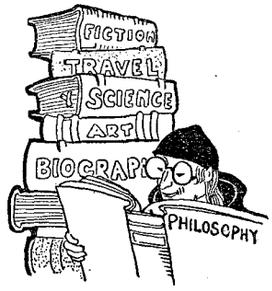

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world. Yet another starts a bloody revolution in Russia. Yet another heals by the laying on of hands. Yet another, a German army officer, declines a challenge and shakes Junkerdom to its foundations. They swarm in the book, and one often confuses one with another. Perhaps the most nearly real of them all is Niels Heinrich Engelschall, the murderer. Niels Heinrich, at all events, manages to explain himself in logical terms. When he tells Christian why he killed Ruth Hofmann one somehow believes him. He is a loafer and a swine, but there is a certain homely sense in him. Naturally enough, Christian remains unintelligible to him. And to the elder Wahnschaffe. And to Frau Wahnschaffe, and Judith Wahnschaffe, and Wolfgang Wahnschaffe, and all the rest of the Wahnschaffii. And to Crammon, the cynical companion of his nonage. And even to poor Ruth, who loves him.

In brief, this is a novel that is not to be put on the stand and cross-examined. One must take it as one takes the new music; it obeys only its own logic, its own epistemology, its own psychology. Once that much is granted, what remains is very curious and lasting entertainment. The thing is gargantuan, but never tedious. It alarms and outrages, but it never quite gets itself heaved into the fire. It was worth doing into English, if only as an evidence of the slow but sure western march of the Slav spirit. Mr. Lewisohn's translation, as might be expected, is excellent. Now and then he falls into Americanisms —for example, the verb *to loan*—but that is not often.

H. L. MENCKEN

Tales

Enslaved. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.
Right Royal. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.

ONE of the signs that the times are good in English poetry is the fact that Mr. Masefield keeps on writing poems which tell stories. Narrative poetry may be lower than the highest kind, and broader than the most intense, but it is far from being the least sound. It is sound because it is generous. Giving us persons, or at least creatures, to watch and think about, it relieves us from the necessity, which many modern poets hold us under, of attending to the poet's own most private processes. These are often admirable and exquisite, but in the longest run they do not justify poetry. Mr. Masefield justifies poetry, even though he never produces a perfect specimen of it. He is headlong, and rough, and not profound; but he keeps on telling stories.

The volume "Enslaved" contains, along with a few comparatively insignificant lyrics, three narrative pieces of a more or less archaic flavor. The title poem is about an English lover who, greatly at the risk of his life, pursues the Moorish pirates who have stolen his love, and after desperate adventures extracts her from the Khalif's harem. By virtue of speed and suspense, blood, pursuit, and rapture, the tale succeeds in spite of handicaps in the way of singsong, slipshod rhythm, ludicrously forced rhyme, and undigested diction. In constant play over the changing meters, above the stanzas, the fourteeners, and the heroic couplets, runs the strain of elegy which Mr. Masefield rarely is without. Much pity and pain make the happy ending anything but an exultant one. Mr. Masefield's people, even the most fortunate of them, carry permanent scars about. The other two pieces, ballads of the supernatural, stand among their author's most impressive work to date. Metrically, and in details of phrasing, they are cleaner than almost anything else he has written; while their narrative is drastic, uncanny, and swift.

"Right Royal" is a bad poem, both intrinsically and because it fails to satisfy certain necessary expectations. It promised to be as good as "Reynard the Fox," but it is woefully, incredibly worse. There is a roll-call of horse-racing characters here as there was a roll-call of fox-hunting characters there, and there is a race now as there was a chase then; but the sketches of persons are futile and crude, and the action is only occasionally interesting—is never furiously exciting, as might have been expected of action pushed by this pen. Mr. Masefield for once has put more poor stuff in a poem than good. He has gone not unprofitably to Vachel Lindsay for a dash of syncopation:

> Then came cabs from the railway stations,
> Carrying men from all the nations. . . .
> Silent Spaniards, merry Italians,
> Nobles, commoners, saints, rapscallions. . . .
> Portuguese and Brazilianos,
> Men from the mountains, men from the Llanos,
> Men from the Pampas, men from the Sierras,
> Men from the mines of the Cordilleras,
> Men from the flats of the tropic mud
> Where the butterfly glints his mail with blood.

This is the gathering of the clans, and could hardly have failed, once it was under swing, to be first-rate. The great bulk of the poem remains trash, with its verse that would be burlesque of verse did it have humor, and with its unwarranted excursion near the end into a factitious, sentimental mythology wherein Fate and the Wants of the Watchers play unnecessary, unconvincing parts.

MARK VAN DOREN

Moon-Calf on the Mississippi

Moon-Calf. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf.

ANY lover of fine fiction must rejoice in the surfaces of Floyd Dell's first novel much as a cabinet-maker does when he rubs his fingers along a planed board or an old gardener when he turns a cool, firm, ruddy apple over and over in his hand. The style of "Moon-Calf" will arouse despair in the discerning. Colloquial and flexible, it is also as dignified as only a natural simplicity can make it—a natural simplicity, moreover, so disciplined with an artist's consciousness that it never stumbles or dips as mere nature can sometimes do; and it fits its theme without a wrinkle. That theme is the adventures of a poet in certain river counties and towns and villages of Illinois. Plainly autobiographical in its essential outlines, the story has no seams to show where autobiography leaves off and invention begins. The two melt together in the heat of an imagination which has reduced them, apparently, to one element. At the same time, that imagination here shows no trivial or obvious signs of its heat. If it ever felt vexed at the spiritual limitations of Maple and Vickley, it now speaks without vexation; if it ever revolted against the conventions of those communities, it here relates an unconventional career without one touch of bravado; it is beyond and above argument, in the finer regions of narrative and art.

Felix Fay, this particular moon-calf, has, indeed, the ordinary adventures of poets in the inconsiderate world. As a child he dreams and blunders, and he keeps on doing it until the end of the volume. But the sentimentality with which the ordinary novelist reports such adventures is worlds away from this novel. Mr. Dell, sympathetic as he is toward Felix, knows that such men at bottom are stubborn, even ruthless, in their development, and cannot lightly be turned back by all the obstacles they may encounter. Felix suffers, but he grows with an undeviating steadiness, forcing his head upward through the hard crust of his environment until he reaches a maturity of dimension symbolized by his departure for Chicago. Subtle in the representation of Felix, who not only carries with him the reputation of being a charming poet but proves it by the charming verses which have been written for him, Mr. Dell deserves a larger credit for the observation and wisdom and tenderness and reserve with which he has represented the little world in which Felix takes stock of himself and it. Just how substantial and real that world is will not at first appear; it seems to have, for instance, nothing like the thick texture of actuality which appears in Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." The difference be-

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tween these too novels, however, lies largely in their different manners of documenting themselves: "Main Street" offers its evidences on every page, almost as if it had a heavy array of footnotes; "Moon-Calf" has equal erudition, but has absorbed it, has worked it into the narrative, and hints at its wealth without revealing it. Mr. Dell, quieter and kindlier than Mr. Lewis, has come nearer than he to a classic roundness and grace. It would be hard to surpass, anywhere in recent fiction, the older men in "Moon-Calf," Adam Fay, the fat philosopher Wheels, Comrade Vogelsang, James F. Bassett. The younger men are not quite so good, but the women if anything are better. They play perhaps a disproportionate part in the story, as if their charm had attracted Mr. Dell away from the other concerns of his hero. They are of a rich variety of type and disposition. There are truth and loveliness in Felix's tentative flirtations with various girls and particularly in the full-blooded, richly imagined affair with Joyce Tennant, which makes up a fourth of the entire narrative. Yet the truest, loveliest thing in the book is the strange, cool, wild, innocent, provocative, pathetic little episode of twelve-year-old Felix and fifteen-year-old Rose.

C. V. D.

Books for Children

OF all the new children who have come to town "Little Friend Lydia" (by Ethel Calvert Phillips: Houghton Mifflin) is perhaps the nicest child to play with. Brought up in a Children's Home (though a cheerful one), she has dreams of acquiring a set of parents all her own. The dream, with the help of Santa Claus, comes true in a manner most satisfying to all concerned. But too much prosperity is not easily borne, and Friend Lydia's early unselfishness becomes a little dimmed, till she in turn gets the fever of adopting and acquires an orphan of her own. Ethel Calvert Phillips (who needs no other introduction to children than as the author of "Wee Ann") paints her children in a sunny atmosphere with remarkably true coloring. Another wideawake story is that of lovable Jinks, whose ambition to do good in the world, in the role of fairy princess, brings her face to face with ever unsuspected complications and the inevitably reproachful "Oh, Virginia!" (by Helen Sherman Griffith: Penn) from her unsympathetic mother.

A further case for adoption is "The Thirteenth Orphan" (by Christine Chaundler: Nisbet). This time the scene is England and the heroine, pathetic Jane, who even to gratify the benevolent (and stout) Board of Managers cannot do her full duty as an orphan by growing husky and stolid on underdone roast beef. Her fancy thrives, however, even in the grim orphanage, and the almost visible fairies keep tryst with her in the long hours of drudgery—scrubbing, mending, putting the even littler orphans to bed—just the little light tasks that Matron said should be a pleasure for Jane to do in her spare time. Being a fairy story, "The Thirteenth Orphan" lacks the realism of "Little Friend Lydia," and there is too much black and too much white. But extremes are dear to childhood and small readers will quarrel with neither the wickedness of Miss Plunkett, the teacher, nor the sweetness of the sad-eyed Lady Lethbridge.

Far from the world of fairies is the utterly prosaic group of children who experience "The Strange Year" (by Eliza Orne White: Houghton Mifflin). Many of Miss White's admirers regretted that she wasted her talents on "The Blue Aunt." These readers will feel even more unhappy at the smallness of "The Strange Year," wherein the trifling annoyances of sugar rationing, coal shortage, food substitutes, daylight saving, and vanishing domestic service are chronicled as if they were the real hardships of the war, and thrift stamps, knitting, and tricolor ribbons are the essential insignia of patriotism. Another book which aims to teach patriotism and public spirit is "Trudy and Timothy and-the-Trees" (by Bertha Currier Porter: Penn) which is not so bad as its title. These New Hampshire children, who have won a trip to the National Capital (by making jelly), are exalted at receiving a bow from the President of the United States, "a stout fair man" with "the pleasantest friendly smile," which would seem to stamp the books as scarcely recent. This is one of three recent children's books concerned with the Forest Service. The best of these is "Treasure Mountain" (by Edna Turpin: Century), though forestry yields place to flower worship. It would be worth while to put up with the disagreeable little heroine if young folks could learn from this to enjoy wild-flowers in their native setting. The chances are, however, that they will be so carried away by the excitement of getting lost in a Virginia cavern that the flowers will be forgotten.

The conspiracy to trick children into nature study is not yet suppressed. In "The Land of the Great Out-of-Doors" (by Robert Livingston: Houghton Mifflin) Pen and Penny, at the ages of five and six, take turn about in reciting, in monologue, the advantages of farm life. The impersonator frequently forgets, in his desire to have the valuable information imparted, that he is under contract to use the speech of childhood. However, the stories will undoubtedly find favor with the little folk, and their atmosphere is fresh and wholesome. This is more than can be said of "Nuova" (by Vernon Kellogg: Houghton Mifflin), wherein Vernon Kellogg aims to instruct and entertain "children from five to fifty." It must be a brilliant light which can sweep so wide a range and awake an answering flash along the line. In this case the result does not justify the effort. Mr. Kellogg, in telling this story of bee life, says: "Most of this that I have written about bees is true: what is not, does not pretend to be." But there are no danger signs to warn the child reader when he is following fancy away from the true path. Fortunately the story is so pitched to the adult ear that not many children will be concerned with the fate of Nuova, who is not a new woman but a new bee. Nor will its failure as a child's book insure its success with the grown-ups for whom this "fine and gentle satire both on certain types of modern women and on the socialistic propaganda" (as the publishers phrase it) is primarily intended. A more genuine book of fairy lore is "Trails to Wonderland" (by Isa L. Wright: Houghton Mifflin). These stories are exuberant, and though some of them are too sentimental, children will gladly accept The Little Tin Rooster, and The Old Whale's Toothache will be as popular as the Aquarium.

Children have now explored, storybook in hand, much of the wide world. They are fortunate if their guide be not only a native of the visited country but a true interpreter. "A Boy in Serbia" (by E. C. Davies: Crowell) is rarely well told. Little Milosav's adventures would make a good story anywhere, and his contacts with old Serbian customs and superstitions give a clearer picture of country life in his corner of the Balkans than many a more comprehensive book of travel. "The Hidden Treasure of Rasmola" (by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany: Houghton Mifflin) is another vivid glimpse into a faraway land. Mr. Rihbany, when a boy in Syria, actually dug for treasure by moonlight, under an old fig tree, with all the proper spells and incantations. Whatever his own portion of success in the mysterious venture, he has passed on a treasure to the reader.

In marked contrast to the authenticity of these two stories is "The Italian Twins" (by Lucy Fitch Perkins: Houghton Mifflin), who must be regarded merely as stepchildren in the evergrowing family of Twins. One is always sorry when Mrs. Perkins fails to reach her own high mark. But this incredible tale of the kidnapping of two little aristocrats in Florence, by pretended gypsies who carry them to Venice, shows no side of real Italian life. Its only point seems to be that had not Beppo studied his geography he could never have found the way home. It is almost a pity that the earlier twins were so conspicuously successful, for the production of series becomes a pernicious habit.

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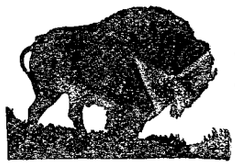

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wherever adventure may be sought, from Peru to the Aleutian Islands, the slangy and successful American boy puts all competitors (and the reader) to the blush. But in the monotonous ranks of this hero band, two heads may be readily discerned: those of "Reddy Brant" (by W. C. Tuttle: Century) and "Johnnie Kelly" (by Wilbur S. Boyer: Houghton Mifflin). The story of Johnnie Kelly, with his metallic endowment of "head of copper, cheek of brass, heart of gold," comes decidedly near being clever. The efforts of a "Bronix" policeman's son to attain popularity in a Manhattan public school are amusing enough, and he and his young associates are human and healthy. Reddy Brant (it must be open season for redheads) is a youthful Paul Bunyan who might have been "raised" in Wolfville. Huck Finn would hail him as a brother and would marvel open-mouthed at the vast adventures which befel Reddy and his lop-eared mule, Julius Caesar, as they fared hungrily through the Wild West—none wilder. There is a genuine flavor of old-time American humor in the telling, and an unusual spirit of good fellowship. Reddy's popularity is unassailable, yet he never suspects himself of being a hero.

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1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 26, and not later than Saturday, January 1, plainly marked, on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscript submitted in this contest will under any circumstances be returned to the author, it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 200 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1921.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase any other poem submitted in the contest at its usual rates.

The judges of the contest are William Rose Benét, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Carl Van Doren. Poems, however, should in no case be sent to them personally.

Art

C. R. W. Nevinson

MR. NEVINSON'S creed is explicitly summed up by himself in the catalogue prepared for his exhibition now on view at the Bourgeois Galleries. His pronouncements are flung out with something of the fierceness of the Marinetti manifestos, but without the extravagance of those documents. No one can charge the Nevinson creed with ambiguity. In a measure it is unnecessary; its principles may be deduced from the pictures; but it has a kind of boyish swagger and eagerness to be understood that recommends it. A chronology of Mr. Nevinson's art life is also printed in the catalogue. A listing of the radical "influences" which he has absorbed and discarded would seem to indicate that his head had been almost blown off by winds of artistic doctrine. The marks of his tussle are upon the canvases shown in this exhibition. The pictures display an amazing virtuosity, a restless spirit of inquiry, a nervous alertness to the life that surrounds him. There are paintings in the luminous manner of orthodox Impressionism; others are nervous bits of illustrative shorthand; some are conceived in the motion formula of Futurism; still others are serene glimpses of landscape painted in tones of gray as soberly as Wyant painted. Throughout the best of Mr. Nevinson's work, however, is a big structural simplicity; perhaps Cézanne taught it to him; at any rate it is there. The exhibition leaves a final impression of virile positivism—no undisciplined surges of emotion, no mysticism. A phrase occurs in the creed which may be applied to Mr. Nevinson's practice. "Individuality survives diversity of method." Out of the whirl of his eclecticism, he has emerged essentially a personality.

This individuality is not always successful in asserting itself within the bounds of certain kinds of subject-matter, and of certain conventional methods of expression. Such sunlight pictures as No. 1 and No. 2 are examples. They are admirably executed, especially No. 1, The Picnic. This represents a group of figures, some nude, some clothed, basking in an all-enveloping sunshine—a tempered sunshine that neither dazzles the eye of the spectator nor heats the earth too uncomfortably for the painted figures in the grass. Individuality is keyed down in these pictures to a pressure low enough to prove engaging to any Academy jury. So, too, with the portraits; and like the pictures just mentioned, if not distinguished they are in the best sense accomplished in technique. The portraits of the two women in the first gallery are pleasant to behold if only for negative reasons—the absence of overstated realism and of obnoxious fiddling with accessories. The Madman and Portrait of an Opera Singer are interesting mainly as good illustrations in line. The Self-Portrait is a mannered treatment of planes provoking only passing curiosity. Leaving the portraits, a large picture called Lovers is of an old, old vintage. The genie in this jar is deader than Brontosaurus. The abstract canvases Nos. 47, 54, and 60, are ingenious experiments—Mr. Nevinson still en route to Helicon incognito! Some jolly old professor of mathematics on an intellectual jamboree and without enough Latin to compose Macaronic verse would have painted these pictures—if he could!

In the battle paintings we have Mr. Nevinson unmasked without stammer or parody—as stark and spare and efficient as a battery. The Harvest of Battle (Paschendale) is great illustration. It hits the high spots of suggestion; the imagination leaps about those crawling columns of horror and contemplates war in all its implications—sans romance. This is war as it is—in a steel jacket, any icy rebuke to plume and trumpet. Another picture which has excited admiration both here and abroad is That Cursed Wood. It represents a clump of gaunt trees shredded by shell fire. High explosives have ripped the earth into great gashes and pits. Stagnant water has filled the pits, and from its surface gleams the bleak sky

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where airplanes and carrion birds mingle fraternally. A haunting, disturbing, inexplicable beauty is evoked from this dismal mélange. Boeslinge Farm is an example of beautiful formal design wrought out of a shell-racked building full of rubble, and broken rafters tilting at the sky. The Bomber reveals a hard swing of energy directed passionately to the business of killing. We leave the paintings in this group longing for more.

As the war paintings represent authentic personal interpretations, so do the paintings of New York. That is, the best of them do. There are paintings of Brooklyn Bridge and lower New York done in a style not conspicuously different from transcriptions that we are accustomed to see from year to year in the Academy. The Curb Market and In the Stock Exchange are swaggering illustrations which successfully imprison the frenzied spirit of Wall Street. Bellows and Luks have done the same kind of thing as well or better. But in such interpretations of the city as Nos. 3 and 6 showing the Elevated structure winding among the sky-scrapers, or the distant harbor seen through flanking towers, Nevinson has not chosen the conventionally "picturesque." These are intensely personal. They are envisaged primarily as abstractions, but not carried beyond a point where local identification would be pushed into serious difficulties. No. 14 looks down from a height upon the tops of sky-scrapers. It takes the breath—gives the spectator a sharp pricking sensation in the midriff as if he were swooping downward in an airplane and the dizzy buildings were whirling to meet him. The forms are locked in a fine design—not flat on the surface but buckling inward into a convincing depth of space. No. 31, in which the sky-line is seen through a decorative criss-cross of cables, too, is essentially Mr. Nevinson's New York. These paintings impress one as real synthesis—not as futile and commonplace "effects." These most characteristic canvases reveal New York dredged up into a cold dry intellectual light. American painters have not seen her thus. They have clothed her angular nakedness in robes of snow and mist and rain, in the shadows of night or in dissolving sunlight. They have translated her into the mystery of mood. Mr. Nevinson has enveloped her in no mystery. As he felt no romantic thrills about war, so he feels none for New York. He strips her body to the bare bones so that the American soul peers out between the ribs harshly utilitarian—but alive, grotesquely, enormously alive. This energy fascinates Mr. Nevinson. Perhaps idealism lies implicit in it, and to the American soul things may some day be goods in themselves as Mr. Nevinson's pictures are. Santayana says of the American heart, "Time and its own pulses may give it wings." But Mr. Nevinson does not prophesy.

G. M.

Drama

Samson and Delilah

SVEN LANGE'S "Samson and Delilah" (Greenwich Village Theater) is a play on a tragic subject that never once touches tragedy. It is tragic that a poet should kill himself on account of a light woman; it is not tragic that a light woman should play a young poet false. But Lange places the stress of tragic feeling on the latter motive and holds it worthy of having produced the disastrous outcome of his action. He betrays no consciousness of the fact that its unworthiness and the resultant waste of life and talent are the tragic circumstances. The pang of disprized love aches while it lasts. But to die for love is not a nobly pitiful consummation; it is a lamentable mistake. The tragedy in "Samson and Delilah" is the tragedy of a romantic delusion so gross that it almost robs one of faith in the poet's reality. For behind the mobile sensibilities of the creative artist there is a splendid toughness of intellectual fiber. It was consumption, not Fanny Bawne, that killed Keats, and Heine lived for thirty years to immortalize the fatal wounds of love.

The chief circumstance attending this production is the transference of Mr. Jacob Ben Ami from the Yiddish to the English stage. He has grace of person and an expressive mask and thoroughly sound technique. Watch him as he walks up and down and eats after his long and famished wandering. That is observed and refashioned from life itself; it has the authenticity that is precious to the mind. But he has something even rarer. His soul is still a thousand miles from Broadway; he is still among those to whom art is bread and beauty and prayer. He is at one with the creative vision. His acting brings to us the breath of another world and transcends the tawdry play he interprets. The hard sophistication of the theater, the sterile professional display of the self-consciously eminent actor—these things have not touched him yet. It is this quality in him that aroused an enthusiasm for which the critics who dumbly felt it found it difficult to account. Yet anyone who watches our theatrical life closely and yet refuses to be of it knew at once that the gift Ben Ami brings our theater is his own estrangedness from it. Who has yet spoken out concerning this matter? Who has described that intolerable atmosphere in which salaries rise and art is a jest and an occasional masterpiece is dragged on the stage only to adorn some player's graces? It is a difficult thing to do. One is suspected of being soft and queer, and no one sees that art is soft only as a flame is and queer only as the prophet is to the Pharisee. Well, when you watch Ben Ami you have a sense of the spiritually unspoiled, of simple dedication, and you tremble for the day when he shall have perfected his English and established his position. Then he may pose for the films and go the way of all flesh. Meantime he will have given us this season of his youth and art.

The critics who were so generous to Mr. Ben Ami were a little niggardly and harsh to Miss Pauline Lord. Yet Mr. Hopkins's selection and support of Miss Lord has always seemed to us among the proofs of his sensitiveness and his skill. Miss Lord first struck one in a short-lived play by Thomas Broadhurst several seasons ago. At once the discerning eye was aware of a personality and an intelligence. Both are uncommon on a stage that runs to smooth prettiness and dainty pathos in its actresses and worships the eternal ingenue. Miss Lord, as a matter of fact, proved in "Big Game" that she could be as innocently winning as Lola Fisher or Patricia Collinge. But in Gorki's "Night Lodging" it was she alone who, of all the players in that piece, melted spontaneously into the strange abandon and dark beauty of its mood. Her Delilah is not steadily felicitous. But she was criticized for her conception of the part, and that conception is not only legitimate but powerful. A modern Delilah need hardly be alluring in an obviously fleshly way. She can feign timid sweetness and faltering helplessness and be cold and crafty to the heart. Such is Miss Lord's understanding of her role. Delilah looks delicate and spiritual and is a woman of business. The fat Philistine wants no troublesome ideals. He wants domestic sentiments and a clinging vine. Delilah sees to it that he gets both. Miss Lord's execution is not equal. All through the first act she is exquisite. Her little murmurs and gestures and shivers of impatience and disgust seem to arise freely out of no mimic experience. But in the second act she relies too much on a significant but rather limp passivity. Sharp though unobtrusive details should have guarded the life of her conception here. She droops. In the final act she gradually gathers force again and ends with ten superb minutes.

The minor parts, especially that of Mr. E. G. Robinson, are admirably done; Mr. Robert Edmond Jones's setting is a model of fitness; the direction, except for a certain stagnancy in the second act, is of the sort that is beginning to ally our theater with the great theater of the modern world. All that is wasted on a hollow, theatrical play. Is there not, keeping this very cast in mind, Georges de Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," Lemaître's "Le Pardon," Hauptmann's "Michael Kramer" and "Henry of Aue," and Schnitzler's "Light o' Love"? Are there not, despite a distinguished director's friendly denial, one or two American plays in manuscript? With such a wealth of skill and talent, what is still wanting is—a play.

L. L.

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